

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—FEATURES AND INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ASSASSIN.  
FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 262.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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### THE TARIFF AGITATION.

ALL the signs of the time portend a revival of economical agitation in the United States. A Tariff Convention in support of Protection has been held in Chicago, and another in New York. A standing propagandism in favor of scientific Free Trade has been organized by a society in New York, which has for its professed object the promotion of "Political Education." Republican manufacturers, like Mr. Atkinson, of Massachusetts, after a long experience of Protection, are pronouncing that protection does not protect. Democratic politicians, like Senator Voorhees, after long professions acquiescing at Free Trade, are beginning to coquet with the idea of "incidental protection," and shrink in dismay from the latest declaration of the Democratic platform in favor of "a tariff for revenue only." The friends of a high tariff, and especially the persons and interests "protected" by such a tariff, are moving for a repeal of the internal revenue excesses, that they may have a good excuse for staying off a reduction and simplification of duties on imports. The friends of Revenue Reform, painfully conscious as they are of the manifold irregularities and anomalies which mar the schedules and rates of our existing system, are moving for an immediate revision of those schedules and rates by the Congress which has just commenced its sessions at Washington.

In such a medley and muddle of opinions it is pretty plain to our minds that the only practical outcome of the confusion must be found in the recommendation of those who propose that the whole subject of Tariff Reform shall be referred to a commission authorized by Congress to review the entire relations of this subject, and the members of which shall be experts representing the leading varieties of politico-economical opinion in the United States.

Perhaps no class of phenomena more than those of political economy illustrate the sagacity of Bacon's saying that "truth emerges sooner from error than from confusion." The results of error in practice often serve by their mere tabulation to reveal the error of theory on which the practice was founded. The illogic of an erroneous theory, when the lines of its definition are precise and clear-cut, often serves to disclose its fallacy to even the practical understanding of men. But where there is neither precise definition in point of theory nor logical continuity in point of practice, the human mind is left to baffle itself by the incertitude and aimlessness of all its agitations.

Commenting on the way in which the average member of Congress deals with a question of revenue reform, that enlightened publicist, Mr. David A. Wells, is frank to hold the following language:

"To the ordinary Congressman the subject is wearisome, and if he takes any interest in it whatever it is mainly because of the impurity of some few constituents whom he generally obliges by voting, without investigation, in accordance with their individual interests. Nobody looks out for the interest of the public as a whole, and the public is too indifferent to hold anybody to account for neglect. There is, however, this consolation to fall back upon, and that is, that in the long run such questions always get settled in this country somehow, and generally in such a manner as to recall the proverb that 'there is a special Providence for infants, drunken men, and the United States.'"

If the country, in the presence of its economical difficulties, could fall back for consolation on nothing better than a happy-go-lucky optimism supported by a witty adage, we fear that its consolations would be few and small. The true explanations of all the happy issues which come to a people environed with practical embarrassments and theoretical doubts is found in the natural action and reaction of the social forces which pervade every intelligent community, and which, in their collective teaching, are wiser than any individual in that community. To him who attentively studies the phenomena of modern society, it will be clear that all moot questions in politics and political economy tend more and more to settle themselves by the thinking of the masses and less and less by the predominant thought of any single mind however superior that mind may be in its intelligence. This is only another way of saying that in modern times the predominant factor of politics and political economy is public opinion, and it is only as public opinion grows more and more enlightened that we can legitimately hope for the evolution of purer laws and sounder policies.

It was in this way that economic reform came to England, after she had weltered for ages in a sea of economical crudities and abominations. It was by bringing theory to bear on practice, and by checking the eccentricities of theory with the observed results of practice, that public opinion was finally brought to the point

where it wrung a repeal of the Corn Laws from the very Ministry which had been created to uphold them. On this subject let us recall the words of Mr. Gladstone, uttered in 1856:

"There is one domestic feature which I wish it were in our power effectually to exhibit to the Governments and inhabitants of foreign countries. They know by statistics, which are open to the world, the immense extension which our commerce has attained under and by virtue of freedom of trade, and the great advancement that has happily been achieved in the condition of the people; but they do not know what it has cost us to achieve this beneficial, say, blessed, change—what time, what struggles, what interruptions to the general work of legislation, what animosities and divisions among the great classes which make up the nation, what shocks to our established mode of conducting the Government of the country, what fears and risks, at some periods, of public convulsion."

We recall these words of the British statesman in order to place distinctly before the minds of our Tariff Reformers the nature of the struggle upon which they are entering if they really propose to effect a reduction and simplification of our present revenue system. If it is merely a game in politics which they propose to play, with a juggle of words full of sound signifying nothing, they will deceive nobody but themselves, as the Democrats found to their cost when, at the last Presidential election, they undertook to juggle with a "tariff for revenue only," without knowing what they meant by it. The raw recruits who then suffered themselves to be stampeded by the shouts and cries of the Protectionists are not the fit leaders in such a struggle. Our Tariff Reformers must first ascertain distinctly what they wish, and then they must wish it strongly, if they expect to cope with men who believe in Protection, and with protected interests which are paid for believing in it.

### THE LATE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS.

THE reports of those of the delegates from the United States to the late Geographical Congress of Venice who have returned to New York are not flattering to international conferences in general, nor to this gathering in particular. The delegates went to the Palace of St. Mark to represent the interests of geographical exploration as prosecuted in America, and to submit the results obtained to the judgment of experts and travelers who, theoretically and practically, have labored in widely different but not more important fields. They report that our representatives, collectively and individually, were treated with scant courtesy, and that the large interests which we have developed in accurate cartography and geography were passed over with perfunctory coolness. This congress, in other words, was simply an excuse of the municipality to attempt to revive the decayed grandeur of the city, and one of the series of pageants in which the royal family of Italy has recently indulged. Had it been for the mere sentimental reason that Marco Polo and his compeers were bright lights in the palmy days of Venice, the home of Ptolemy—certainly a very respectable geographer—might have been selected with equal grace and justice. The fact, however, is that such a consideration was merely a pretext which, while poetical in its way, did not conduce to any very practical results.

Many distinguished publicists have declared with emphasis, as the result of long observation, that congresses, conferences and exhibitions embracing all nations are futile and often farcical assemblages which should not be encouraged. At the Geographical Congress at Venice, for instance, one of the questions—and a very important one to navigators, astronomers and surveyors—was the establishment of a uniform meridian. The Russian delegates made vehement appeals to have St. Petersburg recommended as the initial point through which this international line should pass; a Frenchman declared that any other capital than Paris from which to compute longitude would be a slight put on the capital of civilization; while a noble Roman thought that the Eternal City had prior claims, and mentioned the worthy antiquity of Romulus and Remus. The English, proud of their venerable Greenwich meridian, were discreetly silent. It was finally voted that the globe should be bisected by this imaginary line at a point near Behring's Straits, so that the susceptibilities of no nation should be rudely assailed. Of course this decree, like the resolutions of the Peace Congress abolishing war, the Social Science Conference ukase against sin, or the proclamation of infallibility in the flesh, are mere words. It is yet to be recorded, in a single instance, that the deliberations of such bodies have determined anything for the better being of mankind. They may in some instances have been social reunions of learned gentlemen of congenial tastes and pursuits; but it does not even appear that the geographers at Venice developed any great cordiality. Such renowned travelers as Burton, Cameron and Rholfs were not even admitted to the sittings, but the titled gentry, armchair geographers and amateur scientists bathed themselves in the sunbeams of

the throne, while the explorers who are known in every land by their works toasted their heels in the ante-chamber of the palace.

It will thus be seen that a gathering which might have accomplished some substantial service to science by a broad and organized policy degenerated into a side-show to the King and a local board to assist in the rejuvenation of Venice. And the cable explains in a recent telegram the sequel to this extraordinary gathering. It appears that all of the canals of Venice are to be filled in and thus converted into streets—save the Grand Canal. The gondolas are to be relegated to the past; and this only remaining water-way is to be navigated by a modern steamer, so that the city of Shakespeare, Byron, Ruskin and Howells shall be no more. This singular transformation, it is hinted, is to be undertaken under a grant to a French company, which, it is alleged, was obtained by giving the municipal fathers a *douceur* of 30,000 francs. The gondoliers are indignant, but the descendants of the old Venetian nobility will do anything that will put money in their purses, and a stubborn fight is in progress.

It is not hinted that the transformation of Venice is a direct result of the Geographical Congress, but it is a trifle significant that the former is to follow the deliberations of the latter.

### THE READJUSTER POLICY.

COLONEL CAMERON, the Governor-elect of Virginia, in a recent interview with a newspaper correspondent, outlined at some length the policy which the Readjuster Party proposes to pursue. "We intend," he said, "to carry out in good faith every pledge given to the people. We shall readjust the debt upon a basis which will for the first time put every class of our creditors upon a square footing and secure the prompt payment semi-annually of every dollar Virginia has promised to pay. Among the first Acts of the Legislature, will be one affirming the action of the last Legislature—that is, to set suffrage free and let the people rule. But we shall not stop there. We shall, if I have any influence, so reform the election laws as to free the statute-books of all class or race legislation. The free schools will be developed to the utmost capacity which our means will allow, and facilities will be extended at least equal to the demand of all the children of the Commonwealth." Colonel Cameron added;

"The liberal party accepts fully the results of the war, and we propose, in addition, to seize every opportunity Virginia has in the present and to double her possibilities for the future by establishing friendship—if we can without a loss of principle, and we believe we can—with the dominant powers of culture and finance and character in this great country. There are some of us who yield to no one in our veneration for the past. We were Confederate soldiers and faithful ones. But we feel ourselves to be in the Union, and we wish to be of the Union. We are still Virginians, and we do not think we shall sacrifice anything of that by being Americans. We have pledged all that the most advanced liberal could demand. Our platform says in words that the object of this party is to open Virginia to the universe, and to guarantee to every man who comes among us the full exercise of civil, political and religious liberty. Not only does our platform guarantee this, but the people of Virginia have endorsed that platform at the ballot-box."

The policy here outlined is certainly a broad and liberal one, and if it shall be faithfully adhered to, beneficent results will surely follow, not only for Virginia, but for the country at large.

### OCEAN STEAMERS.

THE improvements in ocean steamers since their introduction forty years ago have been truly wonderful. Compared with the monster palaces that now thickly crowd the ocean ferry between Europe and America, the first steamers were mere toys. Very properly, the improvements of recent years in the size and strength of vessels have all tended especially to insure greater safety, while at the same time securing greatly increased speed. Whereas the pioneer steamers were considered to have performed almost miraculous passages when they steamed across at an average of six miles per hour, now our ocean palaces are only content with eighteen and twenty miles an hour. The former were due in port any time within a month, the latter generally get in within ten days, arriving almost on regular hours. Exceptionally, the passage has several times of late been made in seven days and a few hours, and there is reason to believe that the steamers now on trial will easily be able to reduce the time to six days and an hour or two. Indeed, a company is now forming in New York City for the construction of an American line of steamships which, carrying only first-class passengers, are expected to make the trip from New York to Milford Haven, in Wales, in five or five and a half days at most. These vessels, according to the statement of the projectors, will be 500 feet long, and will be built of steel to reduce weight. They will be provided, with a view to speed, with power three times as great in proportion to their displacement as is obtained by ships now afloat. Each ship will be divided into fifty water-tight

apartments, rendering them absolutely unsinkable.

Another scheme, now agitated, contemplates the construction of an entirely new style of vessels which, it is predicted, will enable them to make the run from Boston to Liverpool inside of five days. These vessels are to be built without masts; their decks will be completely domed, with nothing in sight but the upper part of the pilot-house, the smoke-stacks and ventilators; the engines, boilers and machinery will be of the best steel, and, while occupying less than one-half the room now required by the most modern patterns, will produce, according to the calculations of the persons interested, more than five times the power given by that now in use. The initial ship of this proposed line, which obviously contemplates a radical revolution in ocean steamship building, is to be built at Nyack during the present Winter.

These are projects of the future. As to results already achieved, it may be said that the ocean steamers built within the last year are all constructed of steel, plates and frame, and on the least lines of resistance that engineering skill and talent have as yet devised. Hitherto it has not been lack of steam-power that prevented greater speed, but some contrivance by which to avoid the resistance of the mass of water through which an ocean vessel has to forge its way. Hence the cherished aim of the shipbuilder has ever been so to shape the vessel's lines as to prevent "banking" of the water against its bow. The long, narrow beam and straight, wedge-like lines now given to the bow have effected a great advance in naval architecture; nor has this greater length in comparison with the width of the new ships been proved dangerous, owing, of course, to greater solidity of build. One of the finest of these new steamers is 533 feet long, 52 feet wide, 44 feet 9 inches deep, and of 8,500 tons burden. On her trial trip she attained the remarkable speed of 20½ miles per hour, with 2,500 tons of dead weight on board. Of course vessels of such a build as this may carry an unlimited number of passengers and amount of freight, and it is not surprising that the lines which offer these improved facilities command the bulk of the ocean transportation business. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose, in view of what has already been accomplished, that the results predicted by the companies now forming may yet be fully realized.

### RIVALRY IN THE GRAIN TRADE.

IT need excite no surprise that the exports of wheat from New York since January 1st have reached only 38,796,000 bushels against 57,666,000 bushels during the same time last year, or that those of corn have been but 29,000,000 bushels against 47,000,000 bushels for a like period in 1880, when it is known that speculators have for many months past kept prices up to a point unquestionably abnormal; that "No. 2 red" Winter wheat, which has latterly been quoted at \$1.39 per bushel, stood at \$1.24 at this time last year, and that "No. 2 mixed" corn, at 69 cents per bushel, is at least eight cents higher than at this time in 1880. British and other buyers know that our crops this year were smaller than those of 1880, but they insist that the present prices, like those current for months past, are unreasonably high; and, therefore, our foreign trade languishes. It is of no use to point to the decreased wheat yield; the foreign buyer points in turn to the aggregate supply of that cereal at the principal Atlantic ports, and shows that, as a matter of fact, it is larger than at this time last year, being 10,152,000 bushels against 9,620,000 bushels in 1880. In like manner it is useless to cite the official figures showing that our 62,400,000 acres devoted to corn produced in 1881 only 1,275,000,000 bushels against 1,717,000,000 bushels in 1880; they, too, consult the statistics and prove that, notwithstanding all this, the supply at the chief Atlantic marts is 10,730,000 bushels against only 4,884,000 bushels at this time last year. In other words the outward flow of grain, which might have been repaid with an ample influx of gold, has been, so to speak, dammed up at the seaboard ports. This is the result of speculation and the unreasonable expectations of the farmers based thereon.

Our farmers seem to forget that, in the long run, speculation can have but little influence on prices; that the question of population, or, in other words, of demand and supply, alone determines values, and that even a smaller crop may not necessarily mean a diminution in the supply absolutely required—population not always keeping pace with production by any means. Take even our reduced cereal crops of the present year, and they are almost fabulous compared with what were once thought very large. Then, too, we should not lose sight of the fact that we are by no means safe from competition in the markets of the Old World. The fable of the tortoise and the hare is particularly



applicable in this connection. No one is more ready, for instance, than the plodding Russian peasant to admit that the Yankee farmer has him at a serious disadvantage; but we should fail to read the signs of the times aright did we not perceive that there are influences at work in Russia that will one day make her an even more formidable rival than she is now, in spite of every disadvantage. One of the outcropping indications of this is the project, now seriously entertained by European capitalists, of establishing a new commercial route between the Baltic and the Black Sea, thus saving the long Mediterranean and Atlantic voyage, or the expensive overland freightage. It is proposed, with this object in view, to construct a canal at a cost of \$100,000,000 to join the rivers Dniester and Vistula, and thus to bring Odessa, the great Russian grain mart, into direct communication with Dantzic, the Prussian port, which already transacts a large business in Polish wheat. The effect of this would be to revolutionize the European grain traffic.

Then another rival is seeking to supplant us in the Continental market as well as in the United Kingdom. It is Austro-Hungary, which proposes to improve the navigation of the Danube, the present great obstacle to successful competition with America. And other projects are under consideration among the moneyed powers of Europe, all looking to the wresting from the American farmer the practical supremacy in the grain trade which he now enjoys. Europe is growing restive under the commercial domination of the indefatigable Yankee. Another instance of this is the attempt that Great Britain will shortly make to increase the yield of cotton in her Indian possessions that she may not be so completely at the mercy of Jonathan in this branch of trade.

To come nearer home, we need not despise the efforts being made in Manitoba to develop that province into a rival with the United States for the European grain trade; the soil there is exceedingly fertile, forty bushels of wheat to the acre—far larger than the average yield here—being commonly raised, the grain moreover being pronounced superior to ours in some respects. And, what is of the first importance, it will be able, it is said, when its railroad system is thoroughly developed, to lay wheat down in Liverpool at something like 95 cents per bushel, against \$1.40 for the American cereal. When the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which is to traverse Manitoba, is completed, as well as the line from Winnipeg, the capital, to the United States boundary to connect with the Minnesota system, it will only require a few years to place that large grain area among the respectable rivals of the United States. And the Dominion Government, in bidding for immigration as it has been of late, through reduced fares and other means, has precisely that object in view. The whirligig of time brings strange things to pass, and some future generation may see Montreal keeping pace with New York in the van of commercial progress.

Finally, we would remind our farmers that it is far wiser to accept a fair price than to drive away their trade to other countries; that it is unwise to listen to the prophecies of speculators who prophesy only to betray and to degrade honest producers to the humiliating office of mere catpaws to pull their chestnuts out of the heats of speculation.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE gravity of the situation in Ireland increases daily. Agrarian outrages are multiplying, the opposition to the payment of rent is in some districts deepening in intensity, and it is plain that some more effective means than those now employed must be used to restore order, unless the Government is prepared to see the country drift into absolute anarchy and revolution. In certain localities the more recent acts of violence have been aimed especially at tenants who had paid their rents, and it is scarcely to be expected that the advantages of the Land Act will, in the presence of this organized terrorism, be so generally embraced hereafter as during the earlier sittings of the Commissions. A favorite form of outrage is the mutilation of cattle, and the extent of the mischief is shown by the fact that on one farm a herd of 200 were badly maimed. Meanwhile the Crown counsel are preparing for the trial of all cases of agrarian crime in which the evidence is perfectly clear, and it is said that in the event of acquittals or disagreements in those cases the counsel will apply for the adjournment of the Assizes, pending legislation, which will take the form of appointment of a tribunal consisting of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions and three stipendiary magistrates, with full power to try summarily all offenses except murder. Professor Goldwin Smith, in a recent letter, favors summary measures, alleging that if Irish juries are afraid to convict offenders, society must be preserved from savagery by adopting, temporarily, some kind of trial without jury for agrarian offenses. It is understood that Parliament will meet on the 19th of January. Mr. Forster, the Chief Secretary, will remain in Ireland during the winter.

The Clericals and Conservatives in the German Reichstag having established a coalition,

Bismarck is showing a defiant front to his enemies. In two speeches last week he declared with emphasis that the Imperial policy would be adhered to; that his sole aim was the consolidation of German unity, and that as the responsible adviser of the Emperor he would defend the monarchical prerogatives to the bitter end. Germany, he said, was not to be governed after the English pattern; the conduct of affairs was in the hands of the Emperor, and would so remain, spite of all the opposition of Liberals and malcontents. In these avowals that the Emperor is a personal monarch whose authority is permanent and not to be negated by the action of the constitutional Assembly, Bismarck joins issue squarely with the Liberal idea that his august master is responsible to the Parliamentary bodies and the people, and it would seem that upon an issue thus raised an appeal to the people cannot possibly be evaded. In the debate in the Reichstag the leader of the Progressists, Herr Richter, retorted severely upon the Chancellor, while the Ultramontane leader, Herr Windhorst, seconded the assaults upon the Progressists. As to the negotiations with the Vatican, Bismarck, in reply to a question, said they looked to the appointment of a German representative at Rome, if the public interests should require it. When charged with inconsistency in not liberating the schools from clerical influence, he sharply replied that if he were really inclined to continue the struggle with the Church he would be hindered by the fact that his former allies had deserted him and driven him into the arms of the Centre Party. The debate in the Reichstag on the incorporation of Hamburg in the Zollverein terminated in the reference of the Bill to a committee which will clear up existing doubts in regard to the constitutional aspects of the question. The Reichstag subsequently refused Bismarck's request for money to defray the expenses of the Economical Council, whereupon he threatened to overcome the opposition by convening a general council composed of delegates from all the governments composing the Empire.

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted the supplementary credit for the Tunisian expedition after a vigorous speech from Gambetta, in which he declared that his policy contemplated the establishment of a French protectorate and not annexation. That he regarded as dangerous. He had no desire to encroach upon the frontier of Tripoli. The vote on granting the credit was 400 in the affirmative against 52 in the negative. The returns of the recent Senatorial nominations foreshadow a Republican gain of nineteen seats. The Papal Secretary of State will consult with the French prelates regarding religious affairs in France, and it is believed the Vatican will adopt a policy of temporization towards the Gambetta Government.

The country is to be congratulated upon the re-election of the Hon. James B. Beck to the United States Senate from Kentucky. Mr. Beck ranks deservedly among the foremost men of the Senate, and in point of conscientiousness, purity and devotion to duty, has no superior. His training and experience peculiarly qualify him for dealing with the economic questions which are now coming to the front, and he will undoubtedly establish fresh claims to the popular approval by his future course in the body to which he returns with the unanimous vote of his party.

The work of reform in Philadelphia has not commenced a moment too soon. Recent disclosures seem to indicate that speculation and fraud have for years pervaded every department of the city government—employees of every grade stealing from the treasury with perfect impunity. In the offices of the Comptroller and Receiver of Taxes, the stealings amount, apparently, to scores of thousands of dollars, and the bottom has not yet by any means been reached. In the almshouse department public property has been diverted to private use; the residences of officials have been stocked with supplies purchased by city money; mechanics carried on the city payroll have been repeatedly employed on buildings of private individuals. Now that these rascalities have been discovered, it is possible that the offenders may be punished as they deserve, but the Ring behind them is a formidable one, and the victory will not be won by the Reformers without a desperate struggle.

It is said that there are now pending 22,074 claims under the Arrears of Pensions Act. The total number of claims, allowing for rejected applications, is stated by the *Commercial Bulletin* at 195,482. The average cost of these to the Government is \$1,300, making a total expenditure growing out of this Bill, which was supposed to grant no more than \$30,000,000 at the most, of \$245,126,000. The public may well stand aghast at this colossal total. Unless promptly amended, this Act, pushed through Congress by artifices and deceptions of the most flagrant character, will prove indeed a bottomless pit, swallowing up all the surplus revenue and compelling the retention of taxes under which the people are every day becoming increasingly restive. Congress will fail utterly in its duty if it shall neglect, from any weak deference to the so-called "soldier vote," or for any other reason, to remedy the mischief which has followed the reckless legislation of a previous session.

SEVEN directors of a bank in Atlanta, Ga., who permitted the institution to be wrecked, have actually been indicted and are to be dealt with as common criminals. Their direct offense consisted in conducting banking operations after they knew the bank to be insolvent. Over in New Jersey, the president of a broken savings-bank has been sent to State

Prison, and the directors of the plundered Mechanics' Bank of Newark are to be proceeded against by both stockholders and depositors. It really begins to look as if something positive is to be done towards the suppression of the race of faithless and negligent officials, who close their eyes while the institutions they are sworn to guard are robbed right and left. Out in Kansas, the depositors who lost money by the suspension of two private banks at Hunnewell and Caldwell took matters into their own hands, seized the bank-owner and his cashier and held them under menace of death until partial restitution was made or promised.

THE agitation in favor of an effective national bankrupt law has at length crystallized in the formation of an influential committee, representing the principal mercantile interests of this city, for the purpose of urging the subject upon the attention of Congress. There can be no doubt that a uniform national law is demanded by the best interests of all classes, and it is to be hoped that some positive result may accrue from the movement now in progress. The Act which has been affirmed by the representative mercantile organizations of this city will aim to discourage fraud in mercantile transactions; afford ready and efficient relief to honest debtors; place all creditors, wherever located, upon an equal footing; establish uniformity of administration throughout the country, and secure the prompt and equitable distribution of the assets of insolvent estates, without preferences, at the least possible expense. In the opinion of those engaged in the movement, the law should include a judicious system of composition whereby settlements may be effected in proper cases upon such terms as may be satisfactory to a sufficient majority of creditors without the delay and expense incidental to full bankruptcy proceedings.

NEW JERSEY has an election law which is proving of great service in correcting the negligence and irregularities of election officials. It provides that, if any candidate shall have reason to suspect that errors exist in the returns officially made by the election boards, he may, within ten days, demand a recount of all the votes by the Supreme Court justice of the district—the certificate of such justice, when given, to be final and conclusive. Under this law, there have been two recounts of votes cast at the November election. In one case, errors were discovered, the result apparently of sheer carelessness, sufficient to seat the contestant, in face of the fact that upon the original returns he had been beaten by a considerable majority. In the other case there was no change in the result, but errors were found on both sides amounting to nearly 200 votes. The effect of these recounts will, no doubt, be to induce greater care on the part of election officials, while the fact that, under the law, frauds and irregularities are sure to be corrected, will, quite probably, diminish the rigor and frequency of attempts to corrupt the ballot-box. The law might be made of universal application with benefit to all the interests involved.

THE failure of prosecutions against polygamists in Utah is likely to continue as long as it is necessary to prove the existence of a marriage. District-Attorney Beatty, of that Territory, in a recent letter, makes this point clearly and effectively. Outside of Utah, in bigamy prosecutions, persons guilty of the crime are convicted because the State has an aggrieved person in the wife ready to act as witness. They fail in Utah because there is no such person. The United States must recognize the fact that in polygamy there is a double crime—one, against the wronged wife in the multiple marriage; the other, against society in the open, wicked and adulterous life of a Mormon and his women. The suppression of the abomination would not be difficult if there were a code of wholesome laws against adultery and fornication based on the sound provision of the common law which, in these crimes, makes proof a matter of inference. If some positive legislation of this sort is not enacted, not only Utah, but Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Wyoming will at no distant day come under the dominion of Mormon ideas. Colonies are being planted in all these Territories, and, in some of them, plans for capturing the local governments are steadily maturing.

THERE is at least one branch of the public service in which integrity, economy and fidelity appear to be the rule, and dishonesty and extravagance the exception. The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue states that during the last five years \$602,310,797 have been collected and paid into the Treasury without any loss by defalcation. The entire expense for this period has been \$21,979,002, or 3.37-100 per cent. upon the amount collected. Such a showing is well calculated to strengthen our confidence in the possibility of an honest and upright public service. The vigor and efficiency of this department are, in another respect, strikingly shown by the Commissioner's report. During the last sixteen months, 859 illicit distilleries have been seized and 1,510 illicit distillers arrested. Illicit distilling has been reduced to a minimum, and the illicit manufacture of tobacco has for the most part been abandoned. The struggle for the suppression of the illegal traffic has resulted in the killing of twenty-eight and wounding of sixty-four officers and employees, and the Commissioner, very properly, suggests that suitable pensions be awarded to the widows and families of officers and employees whose lives are lost in the enforcement of the law, and that proper provisions be made for officers and employees wounded or disabled in the service. Congress would do well to enact a law, at the earliest moment possible, embodying the principle here proposed.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE Atlanta Cotton Exposition will positively close on the 31st instant.

SECRETARY HUNT estimates the expenses of the Navy for the year ending June 30th, 1882, at \$20,012,716.

THE directors of the broken Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, N. J., propose to make good its losses and re-establish it for business.

THE President of the broken Mechanics' and Laborers' Savings Bank of Jersey City has been sentenced to eighteen months in State Prison.

THE total foreign commerce of the United States during the last fiscal year was \$1,675,024,318. Exports were \$902,377,346; imports, \$642,644,928.

THE National Dairymen's Convention, held last week at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, adopted resolutions in favor of a law to prevent adulterations of butter and cheese.

THE Supreme Court of the Methodist Church, in session at Terre Haute, has refused to entertain the appeal of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, and has expelled him.

SECRETARY LINCOLN's estimate of army expenses for the coming year is \$44,541,276. The Secretary advocates the extension of the West Point course to five years.

IN Minneapolis on Sunday last fire and explosion destroyed a cotton-mill and four flouring mills. Four persons were killed and several wounded. The loss is about \$565,000.

THE reduction of the public debt during November amounted to \$7,249,126, which makes the reduction for the five months of the present fiscal year over \$62,000,000, against \$37,000,000 for the corresponding months of last year.

DURING last month there has been a gross reduction in the cost of the Star mail service of \$111,165, making an aggregate reduction in the cost of carrying the mails by stages and steamboats of \$1,802,419 since the beginning of March.

A DISPATCH was read at the Irish National Convention at Chicago last week which stated, on the authority of a confidential agent in Ireland, that tenants on 5,000 properties, representing a rental of \$10,000,000 per year, have already refused rent in compliance with the League manifesto.

THE ninth annual meeting of the American Public Health Association was held at Savannah, Ga., last week with a large attendance. A large number of interesting papers were read. The Association resolved to urge the State and National Legislatures to make vaccination and revaccination compulsory.

COMPTROLLER KNOX thinks that the directors, more than the examiners, are responsible for the recent national bank disasters. He estimates that three-sevenths of the clearings of the New York banks represent Stock Exchange transactions, and the remaining four-sevenths represent mercantile transactions.

THE Republican House caucus nominated Representative Keifer, of Ohio, for Speaker, Mr. Edward McPherson for Clerk, Colonel Geo. W. Hooker for Sergeant-at-Arms, and Colonel Walter J. Brownlow for Doorkeeper. Ex-Speaker Randall and the remainder of the officers of the last session were re-nominated by the Democratic caucus.

THIRTY-EIGHT unarmored vessels are recommended by the Naval Advisory Board to be added to our present navy; also five steel rams, five torpedo gunboats, ten cruising torpedo boats and ten harbor torpedo boats, at a total cost of \$29,807,000. Ironclads would also be needed if we should have war. Secretary Hunt favors the plan of the Board.

SECRETARY FOLGER has called in for redemption \$20,000,000 of the extended six per cent. bonds, continued during the pleasure of the Government, to bear interest at three and one-half per cent. per annum from July 1st, 1881. Principal and accrued interest on the bonds will be paid on the 29th of January next, and interest will cease on that day.

A PRESENTMENT by the Grand Jury was made in the Court of General Sessions of New York City last week, recommending legislation against the overcrowding of theatres. The attention of the proper authorities was also directed by the Grand Jury to two classes of law-breakers—those who resort to violence with the knife and those who persistently violate the gambling and excise laws.

THE Irish National Convention, held at Chicago last week, was largely attended. Among the 733 delegates were Thomas P. O'Connor, T. M. Healy, and the Rev. Eugene Sheehy, of Ireland. Rev. Dr. Bots, an Episcopal clergyman of St. Louis, presided. The convention indorsed the "no rent" manifesto of the Irish leaders, and resolved to furnish funds to the amount of \$260,000 in aid of the agitators.

TWO COMMISSIONERS selected by the President to visit Lima and Valparaiso in regard to the conduct of Ministers Heriberto and Kilpatrick, sailed from this port last week. Mr. W. H. Treacott, who was one of the commissioners to China, goes to Peru, and Mr. Walker Blaine, the Third Assistant Secretary of State, and son of Secretary Blaine, goes to Chili. It is said the Administration will sustain the action of Minister Heriberto.

A NATIONAL Tariff Convention was held in this city last week. Senator Miller, of this State, presided. A great variety of subjects were discussed, Representative Kelley, of Pennsylvania, speaking at length in favor of the abolition of our system of internal taxes. Resolutions were adopted in opposition to free trade, and in favor of a revision of the tariff, based upon an investigation of the whole subject "by a competent civilian commission appointed for the purpose and acting as representatives of the American Government solely in the interest of the American people." A resolution was also adopted recommending the abolition of the stamp tax on bank checks, proprietary medicines and matches.

##### Foreign.

CHARLES DAWSON, a Home Ruler, has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin.

THE Spanish Ministers are seriously considering the immediate abolition of slavery in Cuba.

THE French Chambers are to be prorogued, immediately after passing the Budgets, until January.

ELEVEN persons have been sentenced to imprisonment in England for bribery in Parliamentary elections.

M. DE LESSERPS is said to be of opinion that owing to the favorable nature of the soil on the Isthmus he will be able to reduce the cost of constructing the canal.

THE trouble with telegraph lines in Europe is increasing daily. Three cables in the North Sea, two in the English Channel, and a direct cable to Spain, are now disabled.

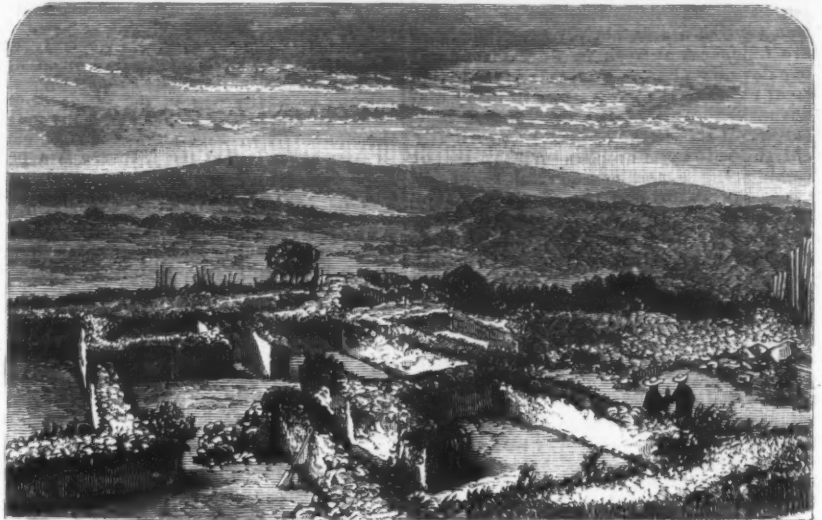
APPLICATIONS to the Irish Land Court are increasing at the rate of 500 a day—the total number being now 55,000. The necessity for increasing the number of commissions is becoming apparent.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 263.



NEW ZEALAND.—THE PROPHET TE WHITI ADDRESSING THE NATIVES.



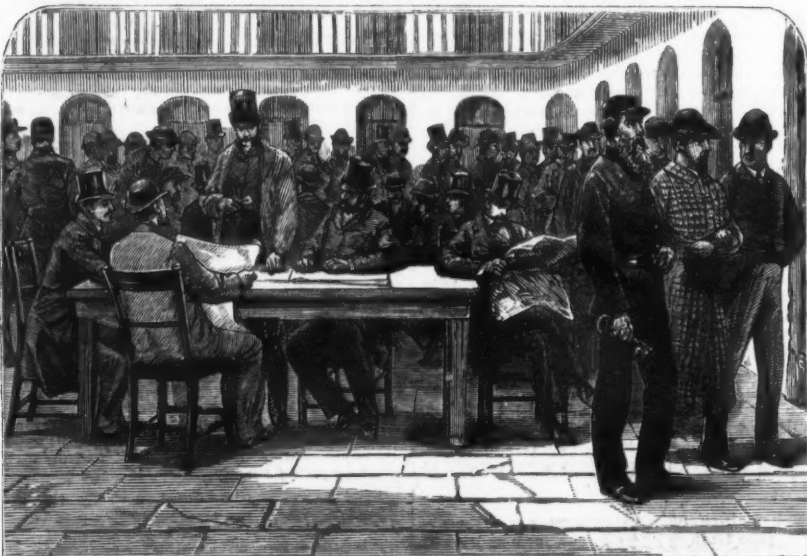
MEXICO.—REMAINS OF A TOLTEC PALACE NEAR TULA.



NEW ZEALAND.—PARIHAKA, THE CHIEF MAORI STRONGHOLD.



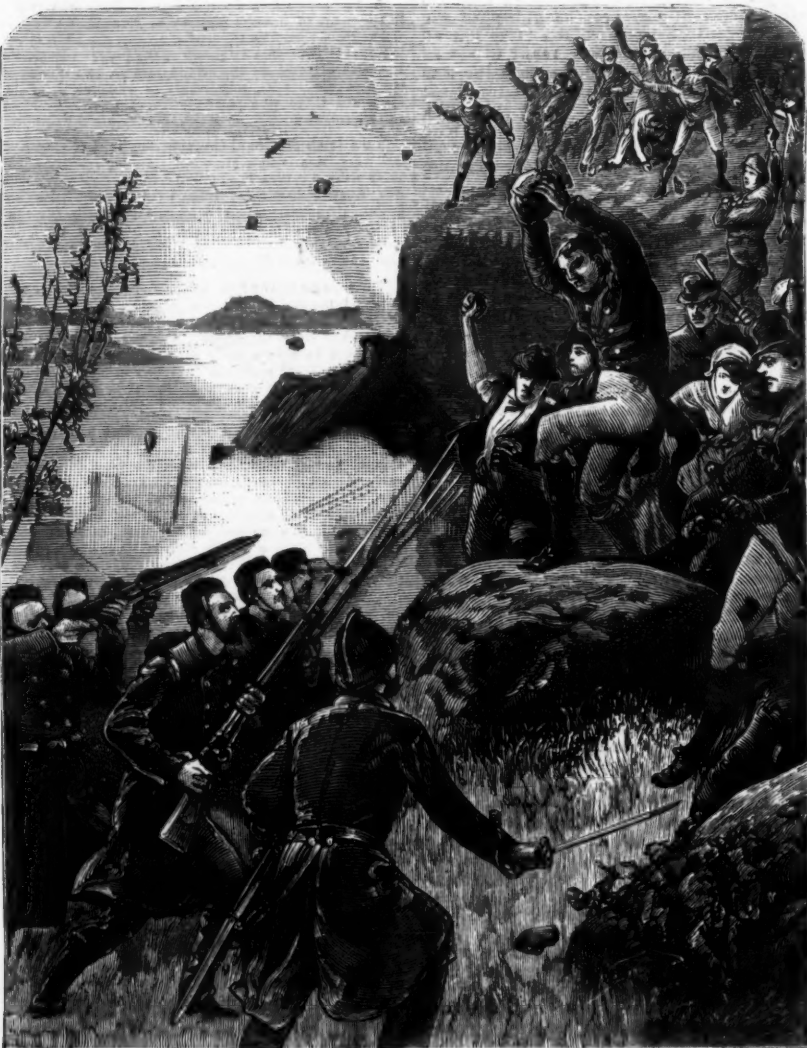
MEXICO.—THE LATE EXCAVATIONS—A SCENE AT TULA.



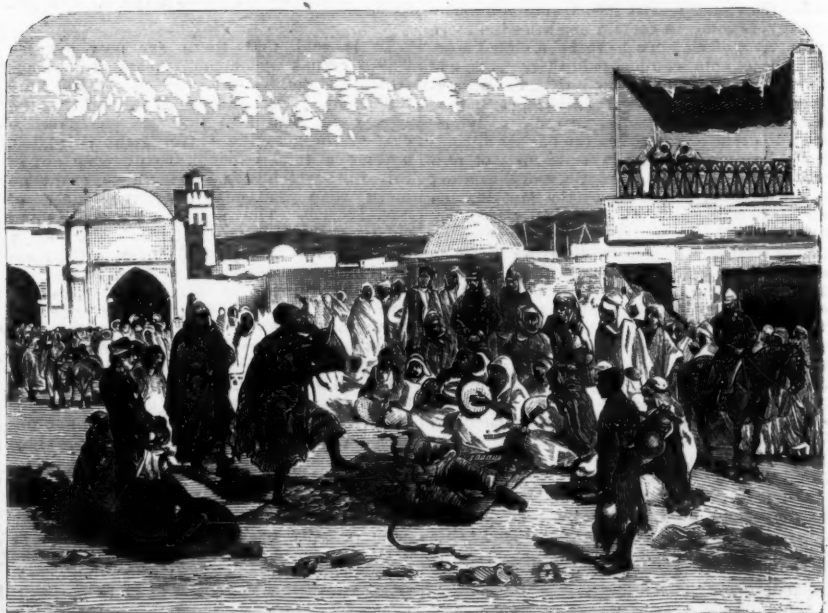
IRELAND.—RECREATION-TIME IN KILMAINHAM PRISON, DUBLIN.



FRANCE.—A BIRD-CHARMER IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS, PARIS.

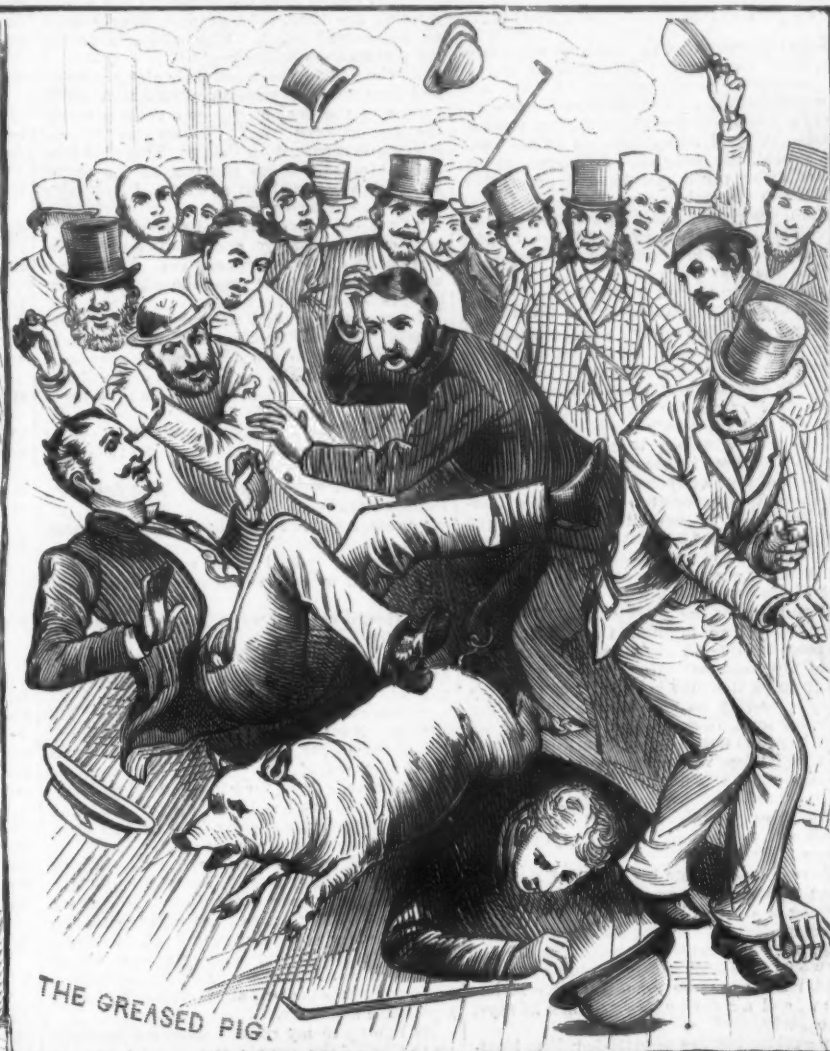
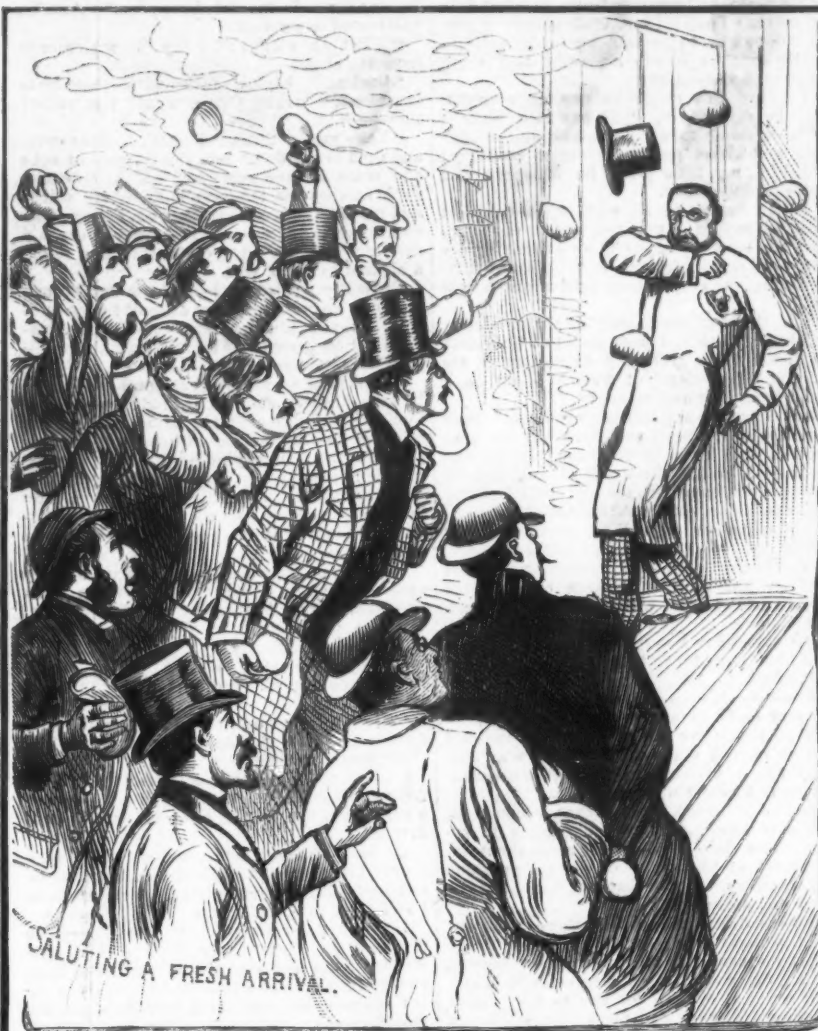


IRELAND.—THE LAND LEAGUE AFFRAY AT BELMULLET, COUNTY MAYO.



TUNIS.—SERPENT-CHARMING BEFORE THE FRENCH OFFICERS AT BEJA.





OHIO.—FROLICS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CINCINNATI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, ON MOVING INTO THEIR NEW QUARTERS, NOV. 23D.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 262.



## ST. STEPHEN'S CHOIR.

EVENING service was just over and I lean over the balcony of the organ loft to watch the people passing out. Very few are worth looking at, I think, with the intolerance of a young and pretty girl for less favored mortals. A good many look up at me; but I have held the position of soprano at St. Stephen's for three months, and am rather hardened to the public gaze. Suddenly I meet the admiring eyes of a tall, handsome stranger, and, coloring slightly, I draw back out of sight. The next instant I involuntarily bend forward to catch the last glimpse of him, and as my wrist strikes the railing the fragile clasp of my bracelet snaps and it falls over into the throng.

It is my poor dead mother's bracelet, almost my only ornament, and I would not lose it for the world. Just as I am about to send Jack Lewis, my sworn knight, down stairs after it, the stranger enters the organ-loft and comes directly to me. He is very handsome, certainly, with the easy, gracious bearing of a prince. But my loyal heart refuses to believe that he is so noble and true as Jack Lewis.

"I think this bracelet is yours, Miss Hastings," he says. "I saw it drop from your wrist and caught it before it struck the floor." "Thank you ever so much!" I say, gratefully, extending my hand; he pinions it firmly in one of his own, while with the other he replaces and fastens the bracelet. The action is deferential, yet so familiar that I stand embarrassed, flushing all over. An utter stranger to hold my hand so! Why, even Jack—I begin to think this man is rude; I can feel his bold eyes resting on my carmine cheeks, my mouth, my long, down-dropped lashes, and for once in my life I wish I was not quite so pretty.

"I heard there was a rare voice up at St. Stephen's, and I was not misinformed. I have been delighted with your singing, Miss Hastings," he says, warmly.

"You are very kind," I say, dimpling with pleasure.

"There!" handing me his card. "Let me introduce myself, and you will see that I am something of a critic."

Ralph Arlington! I recognize the name of a wealthy amateur musician belonging to the great world of fashion in which I have no part. I thank him once more for the service he has done me, and am turning away when he says, quite eagerly:

"I perceive you are unattended, Miss Hastings. May I escort you home?"

Before I can reply to this audacious proposal Jack Lewis intervenes, almost pushing Mr. Arlington aside, and turning his back full upon him.

"Olive, here's your ulster; let me help you on with it. It's beginning to snow, and you have a long distance to go."

Mr. Arlington, thus supplanted, retreats politely, and strolls over to the organ where Tom Thurstone is still sitting. Tom knows him, and greets him cordially; then introduces him to Susie Woodward, the alto, and Emil Mesmer, the basso. They are all chatting gayly together when Jack and I go down stairs and out into the snowy night.

"Jack, why didn't you let us alone?" I begin, rather petulantly. "Mr. Arlington was saying the kindest things about my voice."

"Oh, you'll see him again, never fear. You're far and away the prettiest girl he knows, and he will not be content with one meeting."

"What? Does he do nothing but run after attractive young ladies?" I ask, curiously.

"That's about where it lights," says Jack, concisely; he understands the full force and value of slang; "though the married ones are more in his line, I believe."

"How uncharitable you are! Wasn't it odd about my bracelet?"

"He will think you dropped it on purpose at sight of him."

"Does he consider himself so irresistible? Some one ought to make him love her, and then jilt him heartlessly."

"It would do him good, but don't try it, Olive; you might get burned yourself."

"Ah, well, I shall never see him again."

"I'll lay you five to one—"

"I never bet; but I think if he were so unprincipled as you say, he would have kept my bracelet."

"As if Ralph Arlington would care to steal that little thin thing!" Jack laughs.

This reflection on my cherished treasure mortally offends me, and I trudge on in sulky silence for a block, but Jack is so contrite that I am mollified long before we reach Mrs. Babbitt's, the cheap boarding place, which is my only home. We stand a few moments at the gate. The snow-flakes are falling thick and white on Jack's shoulders; one or two drop like gentle kisses on my uplifted face.

"It's more than polite, it's extremely kind of you to come all this long way with me, Jack," I say, earnestly. "I only wish there was something I could do for you in return."

"There is something you can do. I'll tell you all about it soon. Good night, darling!" He presses my hand and is gone.

I enter the house, rush up to my little carpetless room, and fling myself down on my knees, my heart beating wildly to the music of those last words. I forget that I am a friendless orphan, alone in a great strange city; I forget the humiliating fact that I am forced to give my voice in exchange for my daily bread, while all the rest of our choir are generous volunteers; one happy thought excludes all others—Jack has called me *darling*!

It is ten o'clock next morning before I remember the existence of any other man. I am practicing at the miserable ruin which Mrs. Babbitt calls a piano, when that lady enters the room, bearing Mr. Arlington's card and a big box containing a magnificent bouquet of rare exotics.

"A servant in livery brung 'em," says Mrs. Babbitt, sourly. "Them there flowers must a cost all o' five dollars."

"That makes it all the better!" I say, gayly, meeting her hard, cold, suspicious eyes with an untroubled laugh. Why does she dislike my getting such a lovely gift?

By the end of the week their glorious color and fragrance has succumbed to the icy atmosphere of the parlor—my own room is verily the Arctic Zone itself. To my delight, the offering is repeated on Friday. This time Mrs. Babbitt merely flings the box on the piano, and stalks out without a word. I look after her with wondering eyes.

"Poor old thing! how she envies me!" I say, compassionately, and bending over the mass of bloom in perfect content. Mr. Arlington appears to me the most thoughtful, generous gentleman in the world.

I am not surprised to find him at the rehearsal Saturday evening, and when he asks to be allowed to see me home I acquiesce readily. Jack looks so hurt and angry that I hurry across to the little closet where he is arranging the music-books.

"Jack, I couldn't help it. I did it out of pure gratitude. He has sent me the two loveliest bouquets I ever saw."

"As if you were an actress! And does Mrs. Babbitt approve?"

"What a strange question! No; she seems cross and envious."

He smiles. "And what would you say if I asked you to receive no more flowers from him?"

"I should say you were jealous!" I answer, promptly.

"Olive, I warn you as I would a sister," he says, very gravely. "You will be compromised."

"Compromised?" I repeat, vaguely.

"Yes; it seems horrible that people should talk about a poor little innocent baby like you—but they will!"

I feel rather awed for a moment; then I say, blindly: "Ah, well, it doesn't matter so long as my own conscience is clear!" And I go back to Mr. Arlington, and we set out.

It is such an odd sensation to be walking with any one but Jack! Somehow the distance seems longer than usual. When we reach Mrs. Babbitt's my escort asks permission to come in and get warm, and I cannot refuse, though I blush for the shabby parlor, where ice-cream wouldn't melt. But Mr. Arlington apparently sees nothing amiss, and remains for a pleasant half-hour.

As I go up to my room I meet my landlady in the hall; she scowls and doesn't answer when I bid her good-night. That woman grows uglier every day.

Next evening Mr. Arlington is again at church, but Jack whisks me away with him immediately after service.

"The funniest thing happened to-night," I say, as soon as we are in the street. "You know how stout Mr. Mesmer is? Well, Miss Woodward handed him a paper Tom Thurstone gave her, supposing it was the list of next Sunday's music. Poor Mesmer looked at her all the evening in the most heart broken, reproachful way; and no wonder, for Tom whispered to me it was an anti-fat circular!"

Jack pays no heed to this entertaining anecdote, but opens fire at once.

"Olive, Arlington went into Mrs. Babbitt's with you last evening."

"How do you know?"

"I dare say you will think it odd—I followed you."

"Odd! It was under-handed, ungentlemanly of you!" I say, vehemently. "And if he came in for a few minutes it's more than you ever cared to do."

"Olive, dear Olive," he says, in a tone of keen reproach, "is there anything I should more enjoy than spending a quiet happy hour alone with you every Sunday evening?"

"Then why on earth don't you?" I ask, really puzzled. "Mr. Mesmer goes home with Susie, and they sing for Mr. and Mrs. Woodward."

"Why, there is no comparison, Olive! An unprotected orphan like you cannot dream of receiving callers as Miss Woodward does. And Arlington knows it well enough, too; it is wickedly selfish of him to pay you such marked attention. All his set will be coming to St. Stephen's to see his last fancy!" And Jack grinds his teeth at the idea. "Oh, it makes me furious to think of any slightest breath of scandal resting on your name!"

"I don't think I shall ever give any cause for scandal," I say, primly, and take refuge in offended silence.

Jack is also moodily silent a moment, then he bursts out again:

"As for his conduct to-night, it was simply brutal!"

"Oh, if there was any unseemly behavior in the choir to-night, I think it was your own, sir!" I retort, making a desperate effort to change the subject. "Do you think I didn't see you drop that spider on poor Mr. Mesmer's neck?"

Jack laughs.

"I couldn't help it—he was so big, and squirmed so!"

"Which—the man or the spider?"

"Both. But about Arlington—why, he never took his eyes off you!"

"Wretched taste, hasn't he?"

"It was downright insolent; I should like to thrash him!" Jack says, indignantly. "Dear, dear Olive!" he goes on swiftly, "give me the right to protect you! Be my wife, darling, and your life will be free from all that makes it so hard now!"

"Oh!" I say, breathlessly; I am only eighteen, and this is my first offer. "Oh, I have only known you three months. I am sure, quite, quite sure that I shall never wish to marry you!"

Why doesn't he urge me to take time to consider it? In books they always do. He only says, slowly:

"This would not have been your answer a week ago, Olive."

Then we are silent. I am wishing he would

ask me again, and am wondering in what delicate manner I can let him understand my perfect willingness to retract my hasty refusal. At the gate he hands me some tiny thing wrapped in tissue-paper.

"I hoped this might be our engagement-ring," he says, sadly. "At any rate, wear it for friendship's sake." Then he stoops suddenly and kisses my brow, oh, so tenderly! "Good-by, my little girl!" he whispers, and strides rapidly away.

"It will surely be all right when we meet again!" I say, in my heart, and I rush upstairs and spend a happy hour examining my little ring, sparkling with diamonds and turquoises, by the resplendent light of one tallow candle.

But all the next week I long in vain for a letter from him. Nothing comes save two bouquets and three visits from Mr. Arlington. I am flattered, of course, yet wretched lest Jack should hear of it and be angry.

Next Saturday and Sunday evenings I gaze at Jack as imploringly as I dare, but he is so occupied with some of the young ladies who are to sing in the Christmas chorus that he does not even appear to see me, and I have no choice but to accept Mr. Arlington's escort.

Another week, and then another, drags heavily by. My new admirer takes me driving, and to the opera, and is unremitting in his attention, but nothing lightens my grieving heart. I can't forgive him for coming between me and Jack.

And every day I see more plainly there is something else I can't forgive him—people have begun to talk. Mrs. Babbitt's manner frightens me, it is so cold and forbidding; the boarders smile or sneer knowingly as I pass them on the stairs; even the young ladies I meet at church begin to regard me with suspicion and aversion. A dread of some calamity hourly grows upon me.

The climax of all this annoyance comes on Christmas Eve. Just as I am going to rehearsal Mrs. Babbitt enters my room abruptly, and stares at the finger where my precious ring is shining. I gaze back at her in vague terror and uneasiness.

"Where did you get that there gewgaw, Miss Hastings?" she asks, sharply.

I lift my head haughtily, surprised beyond words. She goes on, in a rough, coarse way.

"It was bad enough for you to take young Arlington's flowers and music, but when you have the brass to wear his jewelry, it's high time you left a respectable woman's house!"

"Oh, my God! This, then, is what they think of me! I shiver and gasp; the blood forsakes my cheeks.

"When you come home to-night you'll find your wretched little trunk on the front stoop with every dud o' yours in it. Don't ask to stay another night here—your good name is clean gone for ever!"

"Oh, Mrs. Babbitt, for heaven's sake don't send me away! Where can I go? What shall I do?"

"Ask Ralph Arlington!" she answers, with a brutal laugh.

Then I bury my face in my hands and fly past her, out into the darkening streets, where no one can see the shamed hot blood in my cheeks.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! if I could only die and go to you!" I cry, with a wild sob. I have not one coherent thought till I reach the church; then I think that, perhaps, Susie Woodward will take me home with her. No; her greeting is strangely chill to-night, and I can see that she avoids me.

Oh, this weary, weary evening! I grow more hopeless and terrified every moment. But just at the last moment a ray of light comes to me. Some one passes me a little note.

"SWEETEST OLIVE—I have just decided to ask you to be my wife. You need not write or say anything, only turn your lovely face towards me, and I shall know that your answer is Yes."

"RALPH ARLINGTON."

His boastful certainty angers me, but I catch at the one hand held out to save me. Even while I say in my heart, "I hate him, I loathe him," I turn my face blindly in his direction. In a strange mingling of relief and pain I droop my head languidly down on the rail before me. The organ is thundering out the grand triumphant Christmas music, the young people trimming the church are laughing gayly below; but I can only feel that I have bidden farewell to happiness—and Jack.

We are almost the last to leave the choir, so much do I dread being alone with Mr. Arlington, but at last we go down stairs, across the almost empty church, and into the unlighted vestibule. Then he clasps my hand tightly, and in the darkness I can feel him bending over me.

"Oh, I've forgotten my book!" I cry, desperately. "I must run back for it."

"What a nuisance! Let me go!" he says, rather impatiently.

"No—no, you couldn't find it," I say, and thankful for even a moment's respite, I hurry back to the organ loft. At first I can distinguish nothing in the soft, dusty gloom, spicy with the fragrance of the evergreens, but soon I make out a man's figure standing by the organ. It is Jack! I run to him and catch his hands frantically in my own.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so wretched! Arlington has asked me to marry him!"

"Then he is better than I thought him!"

"And I had to say Yes, for Mrs. Babbitt has turned me out; but I'm so sorry! He might—he might even want to kiss me!"

"Quite likely," says Jack, with a grim smile; but he looks deeply moved.

"Don't laugh!" I say, piteously. "I won't marry him—I'll die in the streets first! Oh, I hear him coming—hide me, save me!"

Quick as thought Jack draws me after him into the book-closet, and closes the door just as Mr. Arlington enters the gallery.

"The little minx, she has slipped out some other door!" he says, in vexation. "Couldn't

believe I was in earnest, I suppose." And he hastens off in pursuit.

"What an escape!" I say, as we emerge from the closet.

"Darling," begins Jack, with passionate eagerness, "darling Olive, would you rather that—"

"Yes—yes, a thousand times!" I answer, and then break down into the tempest of sobs and tears I have repressed all the evening. Jack soothes me tenderly with loving words and caresses I have never known before. The rich incense of the evergreens wraps me in a delicious languor; I feel that I have found a blessed haven of rest.

Presently I raise my head from his breast, and look up with my poor drowned eyes.

"Jack, you mustn't marry me," I say, tragically. "My good name is clean gone for ever—Mrs. Babbitt says so!"

"Well, then, I must give you another, sweet," he says, blithely, and before I half comprehend him, we are down at the altar, where the minister is still talking with one of the deacons, and Jack is saying that we wish to be married immediately. We kneel down, Jack in his overcoat, I in my ulster and plain Derby hat; Jack uses my *gage d'amitié* as a wedding-ring, and in five minutes we are husband and wife.

We go out into the street, and walk along rather solemnly under the snow-laden trees and clear, starry heavens.

"Jack, my trunk is on that woman's doorstep," I say, diffidently.

"Good!" he says, with a joyous laugh.

"Since you are all ready, let us go off for a wedding-trip."

"Oh, but traveling's very expensive," I say, dubiously. "Do you think you can afford it?"

He laughs again.

"I may not be such a wonderful match as Arlington, darling, but you have made rather a good marriage, do you know it? Hallo there, driver!"

He hails a passing hack, and we go and pick up my forlorn property, and then start off on our joyful little journey, while every moment I feel more safe and happy.

I really don't know how Tom Thurstone manages the Christmas service without the leading tenor and soprano, but we have been so faithful ever since that he has forgiven us.

I suppose Mr. Arlington considers me the most heartless, cold-blooded flirt in existence. He is very polite when we meet in society, but he never comes into St. Stephen's Choir.

## A CARNIVAL FROLIC IN CINCINNATI.

THE abandonment of the old quarters of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce for more sumptuous apartments in Pike's Opera House, was made the occasion, on the 23d ult., of a carnival frolic which was altogether unique. It had been arranged and expected that, before quitting the old quarters, the Board should be entertained by speeches from a number of its officials, but this programme was suddenly and effectually changed by some hilarious individual in the wheat corner throwing a handful of grain down a neighbor's back. He retorted, and the members who were in the secret, and had come in their old clothes, pulled out of their pockets bags filled with flour and proceeded to pelt their friends and acquaintances. The thing spread like wildfire, and bags and handfuls of the snowy powder flew in every direction. Dignity and old age were not respected, and some of the oldest and most respected members were covered with flour from top to bottom. The well-dressed members caught it worst. When most of the members had been well floured—and those who had not only escaped by rushing out of doors and escaping into adjoining stores, or standing on the opposite side of the street—some one let a greased pig out of a box, and he scampered over the chamber, upsetting some and rubbing his greasy sides against the pantaloons of others. Finally, he got out into the street, ran under the feet of a pair of street-car horses, followed by a gang of hoodlums and bootblacks, and was at last caught by a pork-packer. Two hand-organs and any number of trumpets, with their horrid tumult, added to the din and confusion. A band of music started a march, and the crowd fell into line and marched around the hall and out into the street. Those who were not floured got it then. Just after one o'clock the crowd marched two-by-two to the new hall. There was not a man in the line, which was over a thousand strong, who did not bear marks of the fray. Along the route the lookers-on, gentlemen standing in store doorways and hallways, or on the pavements, were pelted freely by the dignified merchants in the line. On reaching the hall and marching around several times, something like order was obtained, and a number of speeches were made. Our artist has depicted faithfully the spirit of the scene as the picturesque procession passed through the streets.

## GUILTEAU ON THE STAND.

THE STORY OF THE ASSASSIN'S LIFE AND CRIME FROM HIS OWN LIPS.

SINCE our last issue the interest in the trial of Guiteau has steadily increased. The capacity of the court-room has been put to the severest test, and on several occasions Judge Cox has met with difficulty in getting to his seat. On Monday, 28th ultimo, Mrs. Scoville concluded her testimony, and J. W. Guiteau, the assassin's brother, testified to his belief in the insanity of the prisoner, an opinion he had reached since the trial opened, having formerly considered his brother the victim of a demonism, and although not of a well-ordered mind, still morally responsible to God for his acts.

The chief excitement of the day was aroused when Mr. Scoville called the murderer himself to the stand. He walked up nervously and was sworn. Then he whispered a few words to a policeman who was standing near the witness-box, and immediately the three deputies ranged themselves shoulder to shoulder behind the prisoner, who appeared more at ease, and sat down. His counsel informed him that he merely wished him to identify some letters, when Guiteau said he did not appear as a witness aside from this particular act. He then identified one by one the letters handed him by Mr. Scoville, who stood beside him. He remarked now and again on the continued improvement of his handwriting from his boyhood on. After he had completed the examination of the letters he was excused till Tuesday, and the Court adjourned.

On the following day he interrupted the first question of his counsel by announcing that he objected to being regarded as a regular witness at that time. He did not feel well, and did not wish to be cross-examined.

"I have got a good deal to say. I want to go over the whole business carefully and scientifically, so to speak, and I want to be in good talking condition."



While this sparring was in progress, Mr. Scoville suddenly began reading the letters which the assassin had identified the afternoon previous. While this was being done the prisoner resumed his customary seat. The letters sent by the prisoner to his father during the Fall of 1887 contained nothing of interest. Several of the letters were signed "C. Julius G." and the prisoner remarked that he must have been badly cranked when he signed his name in that way.

When the reading was concluded the assassin was again led to the witness-stand, and without any more ado submitted to his counsel's examination.

While the prisoner was giving his testimony he was watched most attentively by all the medical experts present, and with great curiosity and interest by every person in the crowded court-room. At times he showed his exhaustion by a lowering of his voice, and it was in consequence of one of those signs that some ten minutes before the usual time the court, at the instance of the District-Attorney, adjourned.

The examination, however, developed one of the most singular autobiographies, narrated in precise, choice and graphic language. Under the skillful questioning of Mr. Scoville, he told the story of an existence so pitiful, so varied and romantic that, had the same been recorded by a novelist it would be regarded as the height of exaggeration.

He began calmly, but as the memories of his hateful past were revived he grew more nervous and demonstrative. The recollection of his life at Onondaga made him furious, and his denunciations of the leaders in that community were violent. His accurate and ready memory was noticed by all. Timid as he evidently was when first put upon the stand, he soon gained courage and appeared at ease. His dispute with his father; his union with the Onondaga Community; his flight and reunion; his studies at Ann Arbor; his union with Mr. Beecher's church; his admission to the Bar; his arrest and imprisonment in the Tombs; his attempt to purchase the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago; his experiences with Messrs. Moody and Sankey; his failures as a lecturer, were narrated in a manner indicative of pleasure for the opportunity.

On Wednesday he told the story of the murder of President Garfield, in a nervous, halting and at times violent manner. His mind seemed to be not so clear as it had been at other times, and there was evident inability to tell a connected story of any length. He would branch off into this, that, and the other irrelevant matter, and if interested, would pour forth a flood of words from the box which had no bearing on the case. Still there is little doubt that Judge Cox and also the counsel for the prosecution, were willing that these extraordinary outbursts and passionate excitement should be allowed full play, not so much that the jury might witness it, as that the jury of dignified and grave-looking medical experts on insanity who sat in front of him might have an opportunity fully to study the organization of the prisoner's mind.

While Guiteau was telling the story of his experience in the West, and while Mr. Scoville was gradually leading him up to those incidents in his career last Spring which led to the assassination, Guiteau seemed weary and bored. He frequently said to Mr. Scoville that the question asked had no sort of relevancy to the case, and he urged Mr. Scoville to hurry along to the case itself. But when Mr. Scoville arrived at that point Guiteau was so manifestly weary and exhausted that the Court and the counsel on both sides were entirely willing that a recess should be taken for an hour, which is half an hour more than usual.

After the recess Guiteau seemed to feel better. He told the story of his inception of the crime, just as it has been published, and seemed to be, as he went on with it, very earnest.

When Mr. Scoville turned the witness over to the prosecution, ex-Judge Porter arose. He began in the most pleasing, insinuating tone to question Guiteau as to his age and as to his law experience. He asked him, with the skill of a great cross-examiner, such questions as would tend to so divert his mind that he could put with great suddenness and force a question which would be likely to startle the prisoner. Thus, after questioning him on some simple matters, he suddenly asked in the same tone of voice:

"You determined to kill General Garfield, did you not? A—I decline to answer that. That is a very strong way to put it (with some excitement). I consider myself the agent of the Deity in the matter; I had no personal volition in the matter.

And, a little further on:

Q.—Who bought the pistol—the Deity or you? A.—I said the Deity inspired the act, and the Deity would take care of it.

Q.—The question is, who bought the pistol? A.—The Deity furnished the money with which I bought the pistol. I was the agent.

Q.—I thought it was somebody else who furnished the money.

A.—It was the Deity who furnished the money with which I bought the pistol.

Q.—He furnished you with all the money you ever had on earth, did he? A.—I think so.

Q.—Were you inspired to buy that British bulldog? A.—I do not pretend that I was inspired to do that specific act. But I claim that the Deity inspired me to remove the President, and that I had to resort to my own means to accomplish the Deity's will.

Q.—Were you inspired to remove him by murder? A.—I was inspired to execute the Divine will by murder, so called.

Q.—You did not succeed in executing the Divine will? A.—I think the doctors finished the work.

Q.—The Deity tried, and you tried, and you both failed, but the doctors succeeded? A.—The Deity confirmed my act by letting the President down so gently as He did.

Q.—Do you think it was letting him down gently to let him suffer that torture, over which you profess to feel so much solicitude, during those long months? A.—The whole matter was in the hands of the Deity, and (impudently) I do not want to discuss it any further. I appreciate the fact of the President's long sickness as much as any person in the world; but that is a very narrow view to take of the matter.

Q.—Did you contemplate his removal otherwise than by murder? A.—No, sir (petulantly). I do not like the word murder.

Q.—I know you do not like the word murder; it is a hard word, but it is there.

A.—I do not recollect the actual facts in that matter (excitedly). If I had shot the President of the United States on my own personal account, no punishment would be too severe or too quick for me; but acting as the agent of the Deity, that puts an entirely different construction on the act, and that is what I want to put to the Court and jury, and to the opposing counsel. I say that the removal of the President was an act of necessity from the situation, and for the good of the American people. That is the idea that I want you to entertain, and not to settle down on the cold-blooded idea of murder, because I never had the first conception of murder in the matter.

The assassin also stated he had never borne any ill-feeling towards his victim, and that he had simply executed what he considered the Divine will, and he believed that when the people knew that by this act another war was prevented, instead of saying "Guiteau, the assassin," they will some of these days say, "Guiteau, the patriot."

On Thursday the assassin stood at bay in the witness-box. Judge Porter continued his cross-examination, and Guiteau displayed remarkable quickness of perception and much shrewdness. In spite of cunning, however, he was involved in many contradictions, and at such times he either became angry and violent or insolent and defiant. The cross-examination took a wide range, and was apparently directed to show that the assassin's claim of Divine inspiration was an after-thought, devised for effect before a jury. The scene was a remarkable one. It scarcely deserves to be called a cross-examination. Porter was practically on the stand nearly as often as Guiteau, and Guiteau's

finger was shaking at Porter about as often as Porter's at him. The assassin was more than ever master of ceremonies. He scolded Judge Porter, abused him, mocked him, stopped him, refused to answer his questions whenever he felt so disposed, called upon the stenographer to read his notes at intervals, and, after four hours of this extraordinary exhibition, himself adjourned the court. It was noticeable that as a rule the assassin was calm and collected, except when Judge Porter sought to attack his theory of divine inspiration. Then he would grow excited, pound the top of the witness box with his open hand and sometimes shake his finger at Judge Porter with savage earnestness, while his eyes glared, and the gleam of anger lighted up his whole face.

Early in the examination Judge Porter pressed him so hard with questions upon this point that he took a new tone.

"It's too sacred a matter," he said, glaring suddenly at the top of the witness-box, "to be made light of. I don't want to discuss that matter with you." This remark he repeated many times during the day. He soon grew hot and angry under the steady gaze of Judge Porter's eye, and the merciless pointing of his finger.

"I'm not afraid of you, Judge Porter," he shouted. "I've seen you do all that up in New York." And he shook his finger back at the lawyer, mocking him, while he gave a sneer of intense malice. "I'll give you as good as you send every time."

The cross-examination brought out several important points. One was that there was little indication of the alleged Divine inspiration in anything written by the assassin before his crime had been committed. Guiteau tried hard to show that the phrase in his address to the people about leaving his "justification to God and the American people" contained the idea. Judge Porter also brought out clearly before the jury the fact that Guiteau was able to control the impulse to shoot the President on the day he came to the depot with Mrs. Garfield—a point having a plainly important bearing upon the question of responsibility. The whole tenor of the examination was, of course, to show that the idea of Divine inspiration was an after-thought, and that the real motive of the murder was revenge. Every word Guiteau uttered proved that he perfectly understood this, and he fought strenuously all the way through against the belief that he was a disappointed office-seeker.

On Friday Judge Porter concluded the cross-examination, much to the relief of the prisoner, and Mr. Scoville notified the experts that he should begin examining them on Saturday. During the afternoon encounter between Judge Porter and the murderer, two admissions of importance were drawn from the latter. The first came when Judge Porter pressed him to tell why he should have hired a carriage to take him to the jail after the shooting when he knew he was acting under Divine inspiration and believed the Lord would take care of him. The assassin had already been in a dozen rages because Judge Porter persisted in dwelling upon the incidents of the murder, and when he insisted upon an answer to this question, Guiteau broke out angrily. "Why," said he, shaking his right hand towards Judge Porter, "I wasn't going to tell you to pieces by a mob. I knew they'd say 'He's a disappointed office-seeker; hang him at once.'"

"Oh, you expected that, did you?" said Judge Porter in his blandest and most insinuating tone. Guiteau seemed to see that he had made a fatal slip. "But I knew it would be all false!" he shouted, angrily.

"But, you expected it?" persisted Judge Porter, still bland, yet with a more menacing intonation. "Yes—yes, I expected it," said Guiteau, with his favorite snarl, and another that never.

The other admission referred to was a statement which closed the cross-examination. Judge Porter gave it a dramatic effect. He had been questioning the assassin upon the incidents of the shooting. Then folding his arms and fixing his dark eyes full upon him, Judge Porter said, with slow, impressive utterance: "And from that day to this you have never felt remorse for the deed?"

Guiteau tried to escape from the query. He shifted about restlessly in his seat, and his eyes, which were lowered, ran to and fro towards the top of the witness-box. He seemed to shrink from looking at Judge Porter. Being hard pressed for an answer, he finally replied, throwing angry and furtive glances at the cross-examiner, "Why, of course, I felt remorse, so far—"

"That is all," said Judge Porter, gravely, sitting down. "The cross-examination is ended."

Guiteau had seen the mistake as soon as he had made it, and Judge Porter did not get his words out of his mouth before the assassin was pounding on the front of the witness-box and hotly explaining that his remorse was only a regret for the necessity of the act.

Although it was expected that Mr. Scoville would begin the examination of the insanity experts on Saturday, the third week of the trial ended without any excitement. Several witnesses were called, but did not respond, and the chief testimony was that given by Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, who believed that the prisoner had an "illegally arranged and an illy balanced mind."

#### Our Ministers Abroad.

MINISTER ANGELL has arrived at Naples en route from China to the United States.

The Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, United States Minister to Spain, being in Paris last week, paid separate visits to President Grévy and M. Gambetta, both of whom received Mr. Hamlin with great cordiality, and congratulated him upon the part he took in the events leading to the abolition of slavery in the United States. They also dwelt upon the sympathies of France with the United States, and said they hoped to see the friendly relations between the two sister republics drawn still closer.

The American Legation in Paris was last week removed to the new hotel at No. 6 Place des Etats Unis.

#### A Royal Parasol.

A BEAUTIFUL parasol was presented to the Princess of Wales on the occasion of the christening of the Alexandra Dock, Liverpool. The framework of the parasol itself was entrusted by Messrs. Elkington & Co. to the first milliner in Paris; the cover is composed of beautiful Venetian lace, mounted as flounces over cerise satin. More than fifteen yards of this costly lace has been required for the purpose. The interior is lined with delicate rose du Barri silk. The stick is of fine ivory, mounted in gold, and set with jewels and enamel. The top of the handle is surmounted by the coronet of the Princess, wrought and jeweled. Beneath this is an arched ornament of a band of pearls with a series of stars, five-pointed, as the star of India, set with diamonds; again a band of pearls, and then the most important ornamental feature of the handle. Two Vesica-shaped panels are divided by the caduceus of commerce and the marine caduceus of dolphins and trident. Within one of these is the combined shield of arms of the Prince and Princess, with the coronet of her Royal Highness above it and a trophy of royal emblems beneath. Within the other panel is a large shield enameled with the following inscription: "Presented by the Mersey Dock and Harbor Board, T. D. Hornby, Chairman, to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales on giving her name to the Alexandra Dock, Liverpool, 8th September, A.D. 1881." Now we have a band of rubies, next an arched ornament with four cabochons containing large pearls, another row of rubies, and then we come to what is, perhaps, the most successful part of the design—a long piece of ivory, cut in needle-like divisions, having at each end a band of pearls, and between these are two

spiral bands of gold, set with rows of the finest color turquoise. The effect is rich and beautiful. The point of the parasol is also enriched with Prince's feathers in gold and fillet of gems.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Threatened Uprising in New Zealand.

For several months an insurrection has been brewing among the Maoris in New Zealand, led by the native and powerful chief, Te Whiti. Late dispatches announce an action by the English officials, however, that may check, if not end, the threatened uprising. The native Minister had a conversation with Te Whiti on October 12th, the result of which was unsatisfactory. The acting Governor issued a proclamation on the 19th of October warning the natives that they must accept the terms offered within a fortnight or forfeit the land award by the Royal Commissioner. The constabulary was largely increased, the proffered services of several corps of volunteers having been accepted, and a large force was collected in the disturbed districts in preparation against possible hostilities. In accordance with a previous announcement the native Minister, with a force of 1,800 men, proceeded to Parihaka on November 5th, and demanded of Te Whiti an answer to the proclamation. No reply being made, the Riot Act was read. An hour later the meeting-house, which was densely crowded, was surrounded, and Te Whiti was arrested without resistance, together with John, the chief follower of Huako, who attempted to murder a European in 1876.

##### The Land League Troubles in Ireland.

Our illustrations this week include a sketch of the deplorable affray which took place on Friday, October 28th, at Grawhill, near Belmullet, in the County of Mayo, on the northwest coast of Ireland, and the recreation-hour in Kilmannham jail. The hamlet of Grawhill, perched on the side of a mountain overlooking the Atlantic, consists of a dozen houses of the meanest and poorest class. It appears that the police, about sixty in number, were accompanying a process-server who was about to serve summonses for the rates. The people of the neighborhood, seeing the police approaching, gathered to the number of about three hundred. When the police were ascending the mountain path that leads to the village, they were assailed by the crowd, from the heights above, with showers of stones. The police charged them up the hill several times, but they returned to the assault. The sub-inspector in command at length gave the order to fire, which was obeyed, and some of the shots took effect, but even after some of the rioters were wounded they did not retire. In the centre of the prison buildings, where the Land Leaguers are confined, is a large, oblong space, inclosed by the ranges of cells which rise, tier above tier, all round it, with balconies that communicate with the cells. The doors of the cells are of oak, studded with bolts and fortified with iron bands. In the centre of the open space, forming the exercise ground, are two large wooden tables and a number of chairs of the simplest pattern; on the tables are the daily newspapers. The majority of the prisoners promenade in twos and threes, following each other round the place chatting and amusing themselves as best they can, like a troop of schoolboys taken out for a walk. Occasionally a few drop out of the ranks to read the newspapers at the tables. Nearly all the principal leaders of the Land League are here, including Mr. Parnell.

##### Tula—a Mexican Pompeii.

Desiré Charney, in his explorations for ancient monuments in Mexico, has found at Tula a new Mexican Pompeii. Here once stood the capital of a Toltec kingdom, which is referred to as the most ancient city of Anahuac. These Toltecs were one of the Nahuatl tribes who invaded Mexico from the North between the seventh and fourteenth centuries. They were a cultivated race and covered Mexico with cities and monuments. It was known that their capital was at Tula, forty miles north-northwest of Mexico, on a river of that name. Here Mr. Desiré Charney began his labors. Near it he found an immense known to the people as the Cerro del Tesoro, a vase of gold having been found there. The eye could at once detect pyramids, esplanades, mounds, showing a former large population. All was covered with tropical growth. He began by sinking shafts in several places, and every one struck a firm concrete pavement. Then he set his force at work on a *mega-la*, or mound, and soon reached a wall, with a thick layer of cement on it. Laying this part bare, he followed its lines, clearing out the accumulated earth till he had a whole house laid bare, with its halls, rooms with decorated and polished walls, staircases, cisterns, etc. The house followed the variations of the surface, so that the lower floor of all the rooms was not on the same level. The Toltec architects used baked brick and cut stone for the outer walls, filling them in with mud and rubble; the staircases were of brick or stone, and the roofs of wood. The paintings and carvings were rosettes, palms, geometric figures generally white or red on a black or gray ground. The floors and ceilings were of cement, like that used for the pavement of the streets, and for stuccoing the houses. The explorer began on the northeast of the hill. Then he went to work on a pyramid and laid bare a real palace, covering 2,500 square yards, complete and admirably situated for defensive purposes. Amid these ruins were discovered innumerable specimens, fragments of pottery, enamel, malacates or spindle tops, curious terra cotta beads, and hundreds of objects carrying us back to the time when living thousands filled the streets and houses, the ancestors of the not ungraceful natives who still inhabit the district.

##### A Bird-charmer in Paris.

In strikingly pleasant contrast with the engraving of the Arab snake-charmer of Tunis is the delightful sketch of the elderly gentleman, who loves the birds, breaking bread for his twittering pets in the gardens of the Tuileries at Paris. In one picture the audience look upon the main figures with wonderment and surprise; in the other, the old and young, the fashionable citizen and the poor children, view with sympathy and earnestness the devotion of the bird-fancier. The latter sketch is quiet, showing a type of an everyday action, simple and personal; and still so suggestive of a warm heart, that passers-by, attracted by the sight of the gentleman feeding the little songsters that coquet fearlessly about him, stand in admiration of the act, at a distance that will relieve both fancier and fancied from disturbance. One picture is barbaric, the other civilized. They differ fully as much in sentiment as do the social and political conditions of the countries in which they were sketched.

##### Snake-charmers at Beja, Tunis.

Beja is one of the most curious cities in the interior of Tunis, and but little known to Europeans before the late occupation. It was the great commercial place of the Kroumirs, the Nefusa, the Habbous and all the neighboring tribes. The city was built on the remains of an ancient Roman village, and for years the natives have derived much profit from the sale of curios dug from the ruins. The *Souk*, or grand bazaar, is of great importance to the natives, and is conducted in about the same manner as large fairs in other countries. Among the side shows a visitor can always have a fine exhibition of snake-charming, at which many of the Arabs are adepts; and it is a scene of this character, occurring immediately after the French occupation, that forms the subject of the illustration.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—An Australian steamer landed \$1,400,000 in gold at San Francisco last week.

—Fire destroyed the entire business portion of Augusta, Ark., last week. The loss is \$200,000.

—FRANCE will allow the importation of American pork. Roumania has renewed the prohibition for one year.

—The Jewish citizens of New York have decided to organize a Hebrew Emigrant Society for the United States.

—The Erie Railway Directors have declared a dividend of six per cent. upon the preferred stock—the first since the panic of 1873.

—The Boston national banks, to prevent irregularities in the future, are signing an agreement to lend no money in the Clearing House and to apply for loans at the banks.

—In the Brazilian elections the Conservatives obtained fifty seats in the Chamber of Deputies. Two of the Ministers who were defeated have resigned their portfolios.

—MONTPELIER, formerly the home of President Madison, and his burial-place, has been sold at auction to Mr. Detrick, of Baltimore, and Mr. Bradley, of Boston, for \$19,000.

—ARTHUR LEFROY, the Brighton Railway murderer, was hanged at the Lower Jail at Sussex, England, on the 29th ultimo. He was dropped nine feet and instantly killed.

—A BILL has been introduced in the Council of New South Wales to legalize and regulate trades unions, and to enable them to acquire and hold property as other corporations do.

—By a vote of the Baptist deacons at Mendocia, Ind., a figure of Venus, which had been embroidered on a screen by the pastor's daughter, was declared unfit to be sold at the church fair.

—BISMARCK maintains that the result of the German elections should not be taken as a condemnation of the Government's policy in view of the great increase in the Conservative vote.

—A PARTY of Michigan lumbermen have purchased recently 11,000 acres of Government pine lands in the Parish of Calcasieu, La., at \$1.25 per acre. This is the largest purchase since the war.

—It is estimated that 25,000 persons are employed in the tobacco manufacture in this city. The total number of cigars manufactured in the city in a year is \$26,000,000, and of cigarettes \$29,800,000.

—It is said that \$1,500,000 cash will be found necessary to enable the Pacific Bank of Boston to resume business, besides the capital stock of \$1,000,000; \$500,000 may be realized on Mr. Weeks's securities.

—THE recent storm in England did great damage to shipping. In London forty persons were injured by falling walls and slates. Fifty barges were sunk in the Thames, and incoming vessels suffered severely.

—MARRIAGE insurance associations, having spread from Pennsylvania westward through Ohio and Indiana, have now gained a foothold in Iowa, and the State officers are making preparations to take legal action looking to their suppression.

—THE Confederate Bond scheme has collapsed in England. The leading operators there say they hope to secure the repeal of the constitutional amendment against the payment of the Confederate debt, so that the Southern States may be allowed to settle it.

—CHIEF ENGLISH, of the Bureau of Equipments in the Navy Department, reports that a coal station has been established on one of the Suman Islands and recommends that others be established at Magdalena Bay in Colombia and between that point and Panama.

—THE threatening attitude of Mexico towards Guatemala creates great excitement in Central America. All the States, even Costa Rica, support Guatemala. The Secretary of the French Legation in Guatemala has been arrested and the Minister has written a strong letter of complaint to Paris.

—IN France M. Firman has accepted the Governorship of Algeria. He will be completely under the control of the Home Department, and will not command the army. It is said that England has protested against the invasion of Morocco by the French, and that Spain supports the protest.

—IN Scotland the farmers are carrying on the agitation for land reform with great vigor. Two thousand delegates, representing 40,000 farmers, met at Aberdeen on Thursday. Mr. Barclay, M.P., who recently visited the United States, says American competition will become more intense.

—NIHILIST documents have been discovered in Russia announcing that another "supreme effort" is about to be made, which probably means that assassination is again to be resorted to. The Emperor is said to have dismissed General Ignatieff, because the latter misled him touching the decline of Nihilism.

—DIRECTOR BURCHARD reports that the United States produced last year \$78,000,000 in gold and silver, of which over \$18,000,000 was consumed by manufactures. The production of the world was \$107,000,000 in gold and \$89,500,000 in silver. The director suggests a suppression of the coinage of the silver dollar.

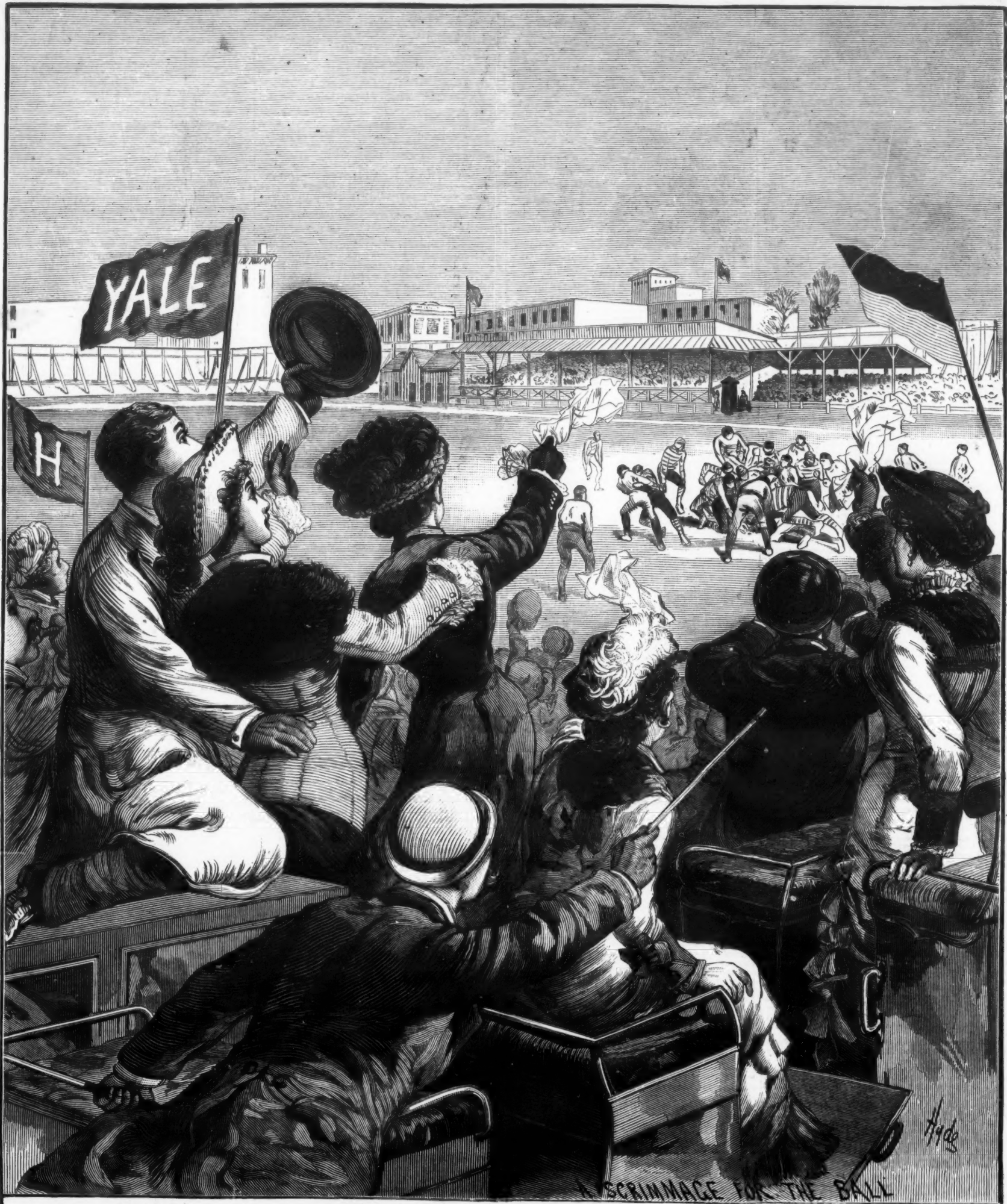
—COMMISSIONER RAUM reports that the internal revenue taxes collected last year amounted to \$135,229,912, and estimates that the collections during the current year will reach the enormous sum of \$157,000,000. Mr. Raum is of opinion that an internal revenue pension list should be established for wounded and disabled officers.

—SPECIAL AGENT TINGLE, of the Treasury Department, reports that it cost over \$6,000,000 to collect \$200,000,000 in customs revenue last year, that twenty-two ports of entry did not collect a dollar in duties, and that thirty-two other ports did not collect enough to pay expenses. An increase in the sugar duty has resulted in a gain of revenue amounting to nearly \$2,000,000.

—THE new American hotel in London will be upon the Victoria Embankment, partly facing Whitehall Place, and having a park upon the Thames. It will be nine stories high, and will accommodate about thirteen hundred guests. The cost of the building will exceed one million, and that of the furniture \$750,000. Mr. Charles E. Leisner will assume the management, and the chef, the barkeepers and the waiters will all be Americans.

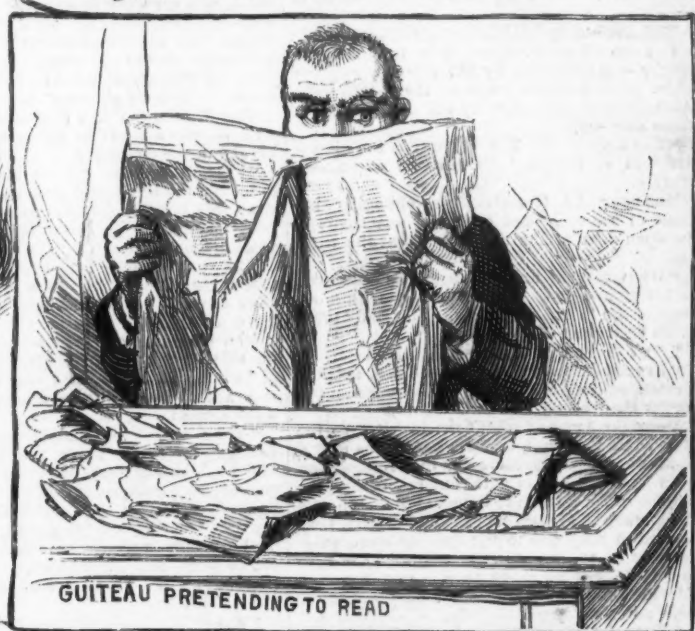
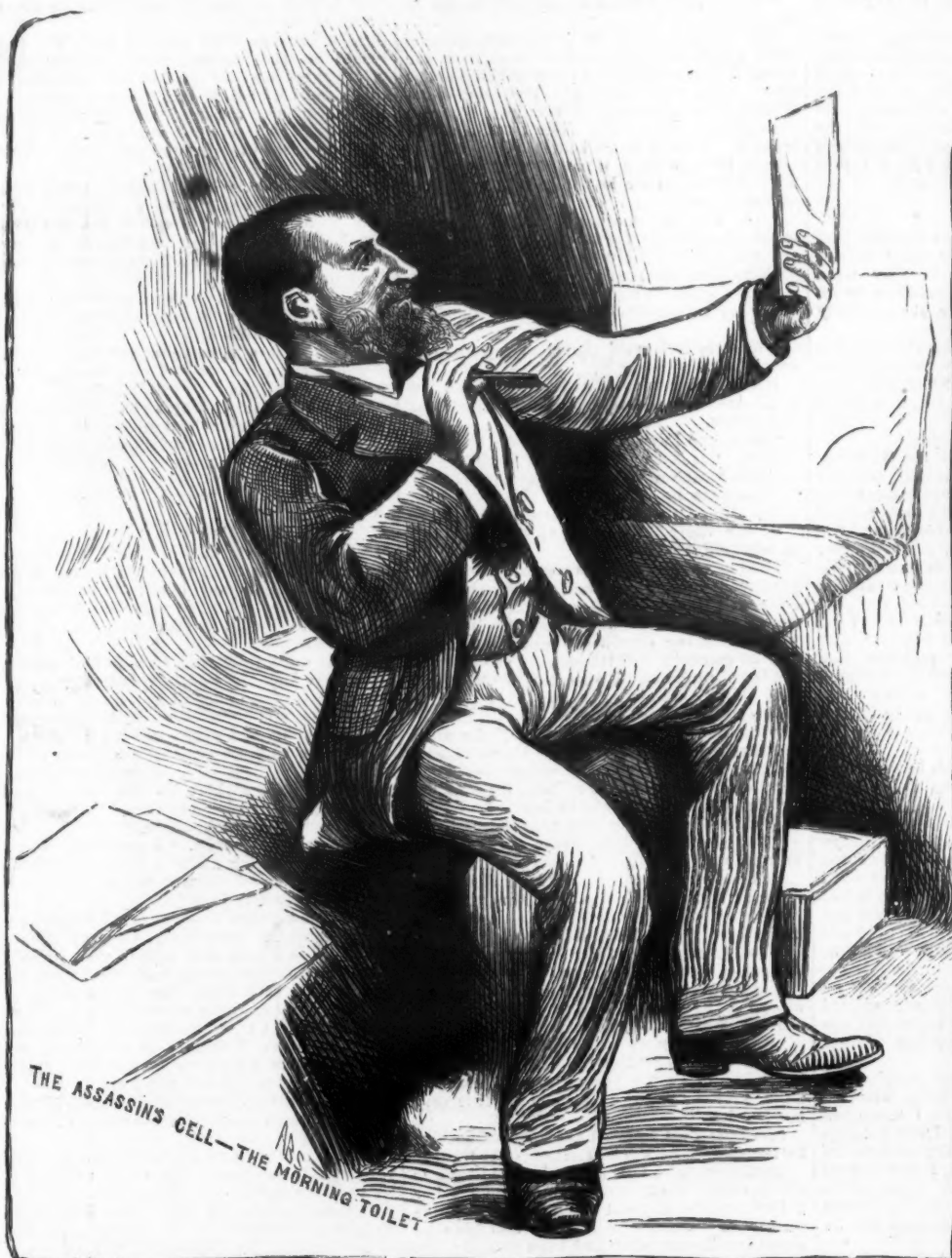
—BUSINESS on the railways of Germany and Austria for the nine months which ended in September last has shown marked signs of revival. For the main German lines the increase was about \$5,000,000, or 3½ per cent. over the business for the corresponding nine months of the previous year. Lines running through both Austria and Hungary made a gain of \$27,500,000 in receipts, or 6 per cent.; the mileage of those lines having at the same time been extended 6.9 per cent.





NEW YORK CITY.—GREAT GAME OF FOOTBALL BETWEEN PLAYERS FROM YALE AND PRINCETON COLLEGES, ON THE NEW YORK POLO GROUNDS, NOV. 24TH.—SEE PAGE 267.







## STANDING ALONE.

STANDING alone beside a mighty sea,  
There came to me from out the shadowy land  
One bearing in his icy, pallid hand  
A torch inverted.  
In solemn tones, yet sweet, he spake to me.  
"Thou'st wandered far; why art thou here?"  
he said.  
"Hast thou of Death's companionship no  
dread?"  
With face averted,  
Trembling I said: "Not love of thee, oh, Death!  
But of a dear one living, brings me here.  
I could not wait thy tardy drawing near."  
"Love of one living  
Make thee forego warm kisses for my breath?"  
Wondering he cried, "and drew thy soul away  
Down this dark valley all alone to stray,  
Lost to the living?"  
"Nay, he is lost to me, for ever lost,  
If thou receive me not, sweet Death," I said.  
"For, lo! the paths he goes I may not tread—  
Paths far above me.  
Oh, fold me in thine arms and let me go  
Hence before him; so shall my soul attain,  
With time, heights even he may not disdain—  
So shall he love me!"

## A CLOUDED NAME.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE are times in our lives when we live whole years in a few minutes, mental crises when we spend recklessly like prodigals, the nerve and strength which should be husbanded thriftily for the whole long journey. One of these crises had come to the mysterious lady who found herself so unexpectedly the companion of Monsieur de Grandvilliers on his night-journey in the diligence from the Engadine.

An agony which wasted heart and brain burnt like a fierce, consuming fever in her veins during the long, upward climb towards the glorious tableau Monsieur le Duc had announced; and each cruel moment left her weaker and more exhausted, until it seemed as if she could bear the terrible strain no longer.

Then the panting horses stood still; the moon stole out from behind the clouds; another light, redder, warmer, flashed across the road.

Monsieur de Grandvilliers thrust his head out at one window, whilst at the same moment Mr. George Brown's voice at the other sounded like music in the ears of his half-fainting mistress.

"This is our resting-place, honorable lady," he was saying in German and with perfect composure. "Will it please you to descend at once?"

And, stumbling, half-falling, an indistinguishable heap of gray raiment only, the lady passenger was conveyed by her courier into the little posting-house, where the half-awake landlady was astonished by the demand for a room and bed.

"The lady is ill. The journey is too long—she will rest here," Mr. Brown explained, shortly.

Monsieur de Grandvilliers, changing his point of view, looked curiously out through the open door of the diligence up at the little inn.

"What a droll halting-place," he remarked to his companion. "And we are within an hour of the railroad already. This lady must be an eccentric."

"Or a German," retorted his friend. "Precisely," acquiesced the duke, settling himself with a good deal of satisfaction in the corner the "eccentric" had vacated.

Monsieur Armand was at the inn-door as the lady passed through it. By a dexterous movement of his powerful arm, the Englishman spun him out of his path, but not before the valet's quick ears had detected that the few low-spoken German words which the lady uttered in response to the courier were questionable as to accent, or before his keen eyes had made out as much as was possible, considering their opportunities, of the personnel of Mr. Brown's charge.

"Tien," said Monsieur Armand, as he reluctantly obeyed the coachman's signal and clambered back into the *banquette*, deprived now of Monsieur Brown's presence. "Tien! What does that mean now?" He thought it out for fully ten minutes, then shook himself, and dismissed the subject with a shrug.

The lady in gray listened in a sort of dumb terror to the sounds which indicated that the diligence had gone on its way; then she threw aside her hat and veil and sank back on her chair, the fever-flush on her cheek changing to a deathly whiteness.

"Madame is ill!" exclaimed the good-natured landlady, who entered at that moment with the refreshment Mr. George Brown with thoughtful care had ordered. The woman held a glass of wine to the pale lips of the lady, and wondered a little in her own mind at her guest.

"So young and so beautiful, and alone," she said, "without even a maid to attend her! It is strange! She has the air, too, of being frightened. Poor little thing! It is some history that we have here."

Notwithstanding that the courier had insisted so urgently on the necessity of rest for his lady, explaining thus their halt at that spot, she did not avail herself of the opportunity for repose. All night she sat at the window watching for the daylight; and at the first sound of movement in the house she summoned the courier.

"Is there no other way than that through Paris to England?" she asked him. "We need not pass through Paris?"

"We can avoid it if you wish, madame," he

returned, respectfully; "or we can go through Paris in the night."

"We will avoid it altogether," she decided, at once. "Will it make the journey much longer?"

"A little; but it can be done. We can get into Germany from this, and cross from Ostend."

"Then we will do that. How soon can we start? Is the railway quite safe?" I mean—"hesitating and coloring deeply—"has a train—have the other passengers gone on?"

"They will have left last night. We shall go by Bale," the courier returned. "We shall not be likely to meet any of those we traveled with yesterday," he added, with grave emphasis.

"Then, will you order a carriage at once?"

"You will breakfast first, madame?"

"No—yes."

"Excuse me, madame, but Mademoiselle Florine charged me to remind you—if I may take the liberty—of your health in this rapid traveling. We shall scarcely stop for refreshment all day."

"I do not want to stop. Pray press on as quickly as possible!" urged the lady, with trembling earnestness.

"But your strength, madame?"

"I will eat now," she said, "if you will order breakfast at once. I am so anxious to be on our way."

Mr. Brown was bent on acquitting himself well of the commission he had received from Mademoiselle Florine. Perhaps, too, stolid Englishman as he was, he rather enjoyed the mystery and romance of the adventure. He piloted his charge safely through all the changes and fatigues of the long journey, and did not leave her until he had placed her in the hands of the English friends to whom she had fled for refuge.

The rectory at Hawarden was deserted just then, the family having made their annual migration to the seaside, where they were thrown into a state of wild commotion by an arrival which took place quite unexpectedly one afternoon.

"Estelle," cried Clara Wilmer, clasping her friend's child in her arms, "my darling! Is it really you? Where did you come from? Have you dropped from the clouds? Oh, how glad I am to see you!"

"And I too," echoed the vicar.

"But, my child," exclaimed the vicar, holding her a little way off and looking into her face when the first flush of excitement had faded. "what is the matter? You have been ill or unhappy, or—children, kiss Estelle and run away to your nursery. You shall see her again; she is not going to vanish into thin air—although, upon my word, I am not so sure of that," she corrected, as she took off the gray hat and smoothed back the disordered curls and looked fondly into the girl's white face. "Dear child, you are very fragile and shadowy. You may be 'Kilmeny come back again' for all I know. Now tell me all about it," sitting down beside her on the couch and holding her hands very tightly, whilst the vicar discreetly withdrew. "Tell me all about it."

This Estelle did, in a confused, broken way. Mrs. Wilmer's intuition filling up the frequent breaks in the narrative.

"I see," she said. "Your aunt wanted you to marry the duke, and you wanted to marry your 'ain love,' and so you ran away. I think you were quite right, dear, in the main; but I don't understand. Where is he? Who is he? Could you not have stood by each other and saved the climax? Even a duke could not have married you against your will, you know, my dear child."

Mrs. Wilmer's sympathies were already on the side of the young lovers, but she wanted to be very discreet; and she knew that she was apt to be impulsive where her feelings were roused.

"They were too strong for me," cried Estelle. "He was there, the duke—madame said I could not draw back, that I was compromised—I must marry him. I felt helpless in her hands, as if she could make me do what she liked. I was frightened; I was almost mad, I think, and I was alone. I longed to get to you—and I ran away. Oh, I could not stay! You see I was a long way off, and in their hands."

"But where is he?" inquired Clara again. "Do you know that you have not even told me his name yet?"

"I do not know where he is," Estelle confessed, her eyes dropping before her friends' searching questions.

"Where did you meet him? Who is he?" pressed Mrs. Wilmer, beginning to be frightened.

"He is—he has been cruelly attacked—most unjustly, shamefully," cried Estelle. "My aunt believed it—as if it could be true! I will stake my own life on his innocence."

"Oh," thought Clara Wilmer, "this is another aspect of the affair! Madame may have right on her side; the poor child may have given her heart to a worthless person. Only nothing can excuse pressing the duke on her under the circumstances."

Estelle's eyes were flashing, her cheeks were burning, as she defended her lover.

"If you had known him," she said, "you would have understood how impossible it is."

"What is it?"

"The—the—what my aunt believed," answered Estelle.

"What did she believe, dearest?"

"That he had been guilty of—a crime."

"Of which you knew him to be innocent?"

"I? Oh, yes, a thousand times! My aunt misunderstood his silence; she was hard, cruel—as if I could have doubted him for a moment! You would not."

"Shall we begin at the beginning?" suggested Mrs. Wilmer, fairly puzzled and a good deal frightened. "How did you first know him? Had he committed a crime then?"

"He did not commit it!"

"No—but did Madame de Rougemont believe it of him then?"

"Oh, no—she accepted him conditionally! We were to wait for his father's consent. He came back to England—"

"He is English, then?"

"Yes," replied Estelle. "We met him at the ambassador's, and at other places. Lord Sanderson introduced him; my aunt was very kind to him at first."

"How long was this before—before she altered her opinion?"

"It was some time. Nothing was settled—excepting between ourselves—my aunt waited for his father: she would not have it spoken of until he had consented, or I should have told you then. Tempest was to come back."

"Well?"

"Then the—the—it happened—the railway accident and—the other."

"My darling," cried Clara Wilmer, clutching her suddenly, "his name—you have not told me his name!"

"Tempest Mervyn."

Clara Wilmer dropped Estelle's hands and fell back as if she had received an electric shock. Estelle lifted her head proudly, defiantly.

"You—you are against him, too!" she said, raising slowly. "Where can I go?"

Clara Wilmer started up and caught her in her arms.

"Go!" she echoed, in a strange, gasping voice which had not yet recovered from the shock of that name, all too familiar in English ears. "My poor darling! My dear child, where should you go away from us? Are you not like our own child? Your trouble is our trouble. This is your home; your mother would have wished it so. Oh, if you had never left it! If we had only kept you here safe with us!"

"Oh, mother, mother!" wailed Estelle, breaking down utterly as she sobbed out the cry which comes first to one's lips in trouble.

"Oh, mother, mother!"

"John, John!" cried the vicar's wife, turning to her refuge—"John, come and speak to her!"

"What is it?" cried the vicar, opening his room-door.

His wife shut it again and told him in a few rapid, breathless sentences what had just been told to her.

"What can I say?" exclaimed the husband, aghast. "It is a terrible misfortune!"

"It is a calamity," echoed Clara.

"She says he is innocent. She loves him, John. Could anything be worse than this?"

"Poor thing!" said the vicar. "I can't understand it all yet."

Neither of them had a word to say for Tempest Mervyn. There was no thought with either of them that Estelle might be right when she asserted that he was innocent. His guilt was a foregone conclusion with them; they had in common with thousands of others in England, pronounced this unknown young man guilty. Presumptive evidence was so strong against him.

"It is terrible! It is a calamity!" the vicar repeated, walking up and down his room with his head dropped dejectedly on his chest.

"Come and speak to her," said his wife.

"But what am I to say to her?" demanded the husband, shrinking back timorously.

"Tell her," said Clara, "that she must stay with us and forget him."

"Of course she must stay with us," said the vicar; "but, as for forgetting him, why, we had better not say anything about that. It might have the contrary effect, you know."

"Then don't mention him, but come to her—say something; she is in such a state!" cried the lady, who was frightened, anxious, dismayed, all at once. "She may go away again; she talked of it just now."

"She must not go away!" cried the vicar. "I will write to Madame de Rougemont. She has come to us for protection, and she shall have it. Poor child! Poor child! It is very hard on her."

After the first agitated explanation, nothing further passed between Estelle and her friends.

As the young girl calmed and settled back to the peaceful, if monotonous, life amongst her old friends, the name of Tempest Mervyn was mentioned no more. The vicar and his wife dared not disturb what had been gained; and Estelle had an instinctive consciousness which kept her proudly silent. He was "misunderstood" here as elsewhere. She would wait until his justification came—a proud and triumphant issue which she never doubted would arrive. She would not appeal to her friends on his behalf; she would not ask anything for him—why should she? She would wait, weary, heart-sickening as the waiting was.

There was no answer to the letter which Mr. Wilmer wrote to Madame de Rougemont announcing that Estelle had placed herself under his and his wife's care. The vicar had worded his communication as carefully and courteously as possible, thanking madame for all her kind hospitality to Estelle, and hinting that, in the complicated and trying circumstances in which the young lady was at the moment placed, perhaps the return to the retirement of her old home and to her old friends was the most advisable arrangement for her, although he regretted that Estelle should have taken the step so suddenly. The state of nervous excitement into which she had fallen would, he trusted, be an excuse for conduct which must have caused madame anxiety and distress.

Estelle also wrote to her aunt, much in the same strain, repeating however her decided rejection of Monsieur de Grandvilliers's proposals, and entreating Madame de Rougemont to explain to him that she had been entirely unconscious of his flattering intentions with regard to her, or of the length to which the negotiations had gone.

But madame maintained a dignified silence. The vicar shrugged his shoulders at the discourtesy, and excused it on the ground that

the lady had certainly some cause for displeasure with her niece, and that it was not extraordinary it should be extended to the friends who received and evidently defended her against madame's outraged authority.

"She renounces her in our favor," said Clara Wilmer. "We promised her mother to watch over her, John; and now that there are no prior claims of relationship between us and her, we can fulfill our promise. I am glad Madame de Rougemont gives her up. I wish she had remained with us from the beginning. I know it seemed best and most right that she should go; but it has ended so disastrously."

"Wait for the end," said the vicar, encouragingly. "The tangled skein may unravel itself."

"How can it?" sighed Clara, shaking her head. "The child's life must be ruined; there is no way out of it."

"None that we can see," responded her husband; "but then we see such a little way."

"Yes," said Clara. "In the meantime she is safe here with us."

Safe! Yes, and thankful at first for safety. Then the quiet monotonous life began to chafe and fret the wounded heart which wanted something more than rest. Soon it seemed terrible to be sinking, settling down into a helpless, endless routine into which she would drift further and further away from the great desire of her life.

"We are too quiet for her after the gay bright life she has led," Clara Wilmer said. "I must make up my mind to take her out and leave the children more. Here is a card for an afternoon, 'At Home' from my old friend Mrs. Paton. We will go; won't we, John?"

"Leave me out," pleaded the vicar. "This is my holiday."

"Well, I will go, a Estelle. It will be a change at all events; and—who knows?—she may meet somebody else—" began Clara, and then stopped abruptly at a look on her husband's face. Clara did not care to be laughed at by him.

"That is what she wanted—rousing," Mrs. Wilmer said later on, congratulating herself as she saw Estelle's awakened interest. "Too much quiet is a mistake under the circumstances; and some one else may turn up, notwithstanding, John."

And Clara Wilmer was right. Mrs. Paton's "At Home" was destined to supply the first link in a chain of circumstances little anticipated by the vicar and her unhappy protégée.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THANK Heaven that is over!" ejaculated Feena Armstrong, throwing herself down upon the nearest chair, bored and half-croak.

"Poor thing!" said her sister Janet, looking up from her book. "Have you had such a very bad time?"

"Yes, horrid. Two rooms full of women of all ages and sizes and a stray man or two—the small scraps of bread to all this intolerable quantity of sack"—looking overwhelmed by superior numbers and quite unable to rouse themselves to the occasion. (Oh, it was all as stupid as possible! Why do people give afternoon 'At Homes' here at the seaside, and why do other people go to them?)

"Was Mrs. Vavasour there?"

"Oh, yes!"—wearily. "I saw her on a sofa in a corner sitting all in a heap like a damp hen, too depressed to speak to me."

"And Lady Mortlock?"

"She was in that pleasant mood which English friendship sometimes assumes before strangers—all stiff and frozen up. Nobody would have guessed from our greeting that we had known each other for fifteen years. I went up to her quite cheerfully—I was so pleased to see a face I knew—but she chilled me to the bone. I thought of you in this cool pleasant room, with your feet on the balcony and your face to the sea, and I envied you. I thought of myself down on the sea—so, free and cool, and I longed for the wings of a sea-gull."

"I am afraid you did not make yourself very agreeable; you did not add to the festivity of the party," said Janet, laughing.

"There was nothing to add to. Mrs. Paton and the girls received their guests with a sort of beaming excitement which did not communicate itself to the company. After the little flutter of being received, we sat about in rows against the wall or hung about in aimless, depressed groups. A party of four—women, of course—played some childish little game at a table in the corner and tried to look amused. Nobody else made the slightest pretense of it. All the time I was in one room I was wishing myself in the other. I was haunted by the feeling that there must be something going on there, and when I got there I found there wasn't, and wandered back again with the same *du capo* result."

Janet laughed.

"Did nothing go on?" she asked. "Somebody sang," Feena answered, in the same ill-used tone—"a melancholy-voiced young woman who was so bent on meeting her lover that she gave him no peace on earth and would not let him rest in his grave when he died. It seemed a sort of mania with her—the meeting him at some particular spot. I think our sympathy with the poor, hunted man kept us all down to the lowest possible level. I know mine did. There seemed no escape for him."

"And none for you?" laughed Janet.

"No," said Feena, throwing off her hat; "the heat and the slowness and the—the woman made me desperate. The male element does move one a little. I wonder what becomes of the men? I declare this place is like Clan Alpine's land after the Fiery Cross had called Roderick and his 'warriors true' to the fight—only 'old women and children guard the strand.' Even Geordie—where is Geordie, by-the-way? He deserted us basely at Mrs. Paton's door."



"Christal carried him off to the bluff," said Janet. "She wants to paint the lighthouse and the rocks down there."

"She wouldn't come with us; she called it dissipation," remarked Feena, scornfully; "so she exercised self-denial and two or three other cardinal virtues, I suppose, sitting cool and well amused under the shadow of the cliff, flirting with Geordie."

"I don't think Christie flirts with Geordie," said Janet, slowly thinking out the proposition. "No! Geordie doesn't think so either," returned Feena. "Christal's batteries are masked. Geordie is like the rest of the men about Christie—absorbed without knowing it. That power of absorption of hers is a curious quality," reflectively. "There is something silent and stealthy about it which always makes me think of a snake charmer."

"Feena! When Christie is so quiet and so good, too! I do think you are unjust always to her. I cannot understand it in you; you are generally kind and good-natured to other girls."

"My dear," laughed Feena, "you are a great deal too innocent and unsophisticated to comprehend an elaborate piece of mechanism like Christal. I don't understand her—yet; but I hope, by patient study, to do so in time. What I am puzzling over now is what she wants with Geordie."

"She doesn't want Geordie. I have often heard her say that cousins ought not to marry; they are like brothers and sisters," said Janet, decidedly.

"Exactly," responded Feena. "Nevertheless it may come to pass that Geordie may ask her to marry him—suddenly, you know, and before he knows he is going to do it."

"Nonsense!" Janet exclaimed. "It is really a mania of yours, Feena, about Christie. You thought the same thing about Mr. Mervyn, and now it is Geordie."

"Yes, now it is Geordie," assented Feena, coolly. "That's just what I object to. She was welcome to Mr. Mervyn, poor fellow!"

"He was very nice," said Janet, "and one felt very much for him; and he was Geordie's friend; but—I don't know"—hesitatingly—"that I should like Christie, or any one exactly—to marry him after that mysterious affair, which was never really cleared up, you know."

"You had better not let Geordie hear you say so," Feena remarked.

"Well, of course I do not believe he did it," returned Janet; "but it would be more satisfactory if the real man were found out."

"Geordie would say, just like a woman, not to have the courage of your own opinions!" said Feena. "Christie is different; she would not hesitate to take up her mission, even if that mission were to marry a murderer."

"Oh, Feena!"

"Well, that's what it amounts to! Don't be afraid of words, Janet," said Feena.

"But Geordie?" Janet recommenced, uncomfortably.

"Well, Christie can absorb any number of admirers and digest them afterwards like a boa constrictor. But Geordie, as you say—I'll go and look after them," said Feena, rising. "Oh, I forget! There was a girl at Mr. Paton's this afternoon so wonderful pretty! I don't think I ever saw such a lovely face in my life. I must ask Alice who she is. I fancy she was a stranger like myself—not one of the natives. She sat by her chaperon, and nobody seemed to know her. But she may have been intimately acquainted with all the party, notwithstanding; and, judging from Lady Mortlock's demeanor to myself, she probably was. Won't you come down to the bluff, too, Janet?"

"No, I think not. It is too late to begin to go out now," and lazy Janet picked up her book again and settled herself comfortably in her lounging-chair.

(To be continued.)

#### A SAN FRANCISCO FISH MARKET.

NO one who visits San Francisco for the first time should neglect to study that curious phase of life that is displayed by men engaged in the fishing industry. Whether one strolls along the wharves where Italians, Chinamen, Irishmen, Germans, Englishmen, negroes, hoodlums and representatives of every nation and condition of life are seen at work, or passes an hour before daylight in some of the many wholesale markets, the time spent will yield good compensation. The Italians are the most numerous, as well as industrious. They may be seen at the wharves repairing their nets and boats in the afternoon, on the water at night, flying their vocation, and between midnight and the rise of the sun at their landings or in the markets disposing of their catch. The Chinamen come next in point of numbers, hundreds being in the employ of the wholesale dealers. While all classes are engaged in general fishing, the Chinamen may be said to more particularly represent the salmon industry, while the Italians, hovering closer to the city front, pay more attention to the ordinary table fish. Besides fishing for salmon along the coast of California, and in the waters of the Columbia River in Oregon, and preserving and canning this delightful fish at each extremity of the Pacific salmon district, the Chinamen make quite a distinct feature of catching and curing the appetizing shrimp that swarm in the Bay of San Francisco. The southern portion of the bay seems to be the choice location, and between South San Francisco and the Eight-mile House the shrimp-catchers have located in large numbers.

It would at first thought, in view of the stringent fishery laws in force in California, seem impossible to snare shrimps without catching a considerable quantity of small fish. This difficulty is obviated by selecting a point where there is from twelve to twenty fathoms of water, and sinking the nets to a level beneath that usually traversed by fish. It is of course impossible to avoid entrapping some of the smaller fish in raising the nets. The nets used are funnel-shaped, and about twenty-six feet in length. The diameter at the mouth is eighteen feet, but decreases by gradations to one foot at the lower extremity. The mesh is usually a half inch on the square for a distance of thirty feet from the orifice, but is less than a quarter of an inch in width from that point to the smaller end. The time chosen for setting the nets is when the tide is coming in, and they are allowed to remain in the water until after the ebb. They are then lifted and the contents conveyed to land. The shrimp-catchers possess thirty-six boats, and five men constitute a crew. Each boat contains from twelve to fifteen nets, and twenty

baskets of shrimps at a single catch is a fair average. These baskets will hold about 150 pounds each.

Each camp is a little community of itself, and is governed by a contractor or "Boss," who consigns the cured shrimps to Chinese commission merchants on shares. The contractor, who is generally the representative of some firm in the city, furnishes food and clothing to his employees, and the sum paid as wages is consequently very small. The extent to which the business of shrimp-catching in the Bay of San Francisco has advanced is most remarkable. The amount of business at first hands will reach \$15,000 per month, and new markets are constantly opening. At certain periods the demand is so great that two trips into the bay are made daily, which nearly doubles the amount of ordinary supply, and necessitates the employment of a large force of extra men.

To a stranger the fish wharves and markets appear a very babel of confusion. Everything is done with such a rush and bustle that method seems out of question. Yet, with all the mixing of crews, the system is so perfectly arranged and managed that each contractor knows just where to find his men at any hour of the day or night. The great wonder is when these busy fishermen find time to eat or sleep, as every hour appears to be accounted for in solid, profitable work.

#### YALE AND PRINCETON AT FOOTBALL.

THE game of football between clubs representing Yale and Princeton Colleges, on the grounds of the New York Polo Club, on Thanksgiving Day, drew a crowd of spectators, not only large in numbers but very demonstrative in manner. All the trains were overcrowded; and it was estimated at the opening of the contest that at least 10,000 persons surrounded the quadrangle of green turf. The players were picked eleven of the colleges, and the spectators, almost wholly, were personal friends of the contestants or graduates and friends of the institutions.

The Yale men won the toss, and wisely chose the west goal, with the piercing wind at their backs. The lines of players, after the game opened, were pleasant spectacles. At moments they remained unbroken, then they became sinuous, then somewhat disjointed, and again apparently disorganized, as one side or the other made a rush. For over two hours neither side scored a positive advantage. The air grew keener, the sun was sinking, and when time was called at 4:23 the ball was in the middle of the field where the players began. Many of the crowd, thinking that this was the last of the contest, rushed into the field, many of the coaches rolled away, and hundreds began their homeward journey.

Twenty minutes later, however, the players reappeared, and not only a foot-to-foot but a hand-to-hand struggle ensued. This was really the most exciting heat in the game. It lasted fifteen minutes. At 5:20 the final struggle began, but by this time it was so dark that the referee called time after five minutes. The time of the game was exactly two hours and five minutes, and neither side made a goal, touch-down, or safety touch-down. For defensive playing, it was one of the most remarkable on record.

#### PRIZE MEDALS FOR ESSAYS ON INTEMPERANCE.

WE give on page 269 a *fac simile* of the first of two medals which have been offered, together with a prize of \$1,000 in coin, for the two best essays on the evils of intemperance and tobacco by pupils of the San Francisco Public Schools. The medals are the gift of Mr. R. H. McDonald to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of that city, and are the same in design, but of different size, the larger being about as large as a twenty-dollar gold piece, and the smaller about as large as a ten-dollar piece. They are made of fine gold, a round plate being surrounded by a broad, thick rim. On one side of the sunken plate is an inscription, beautifully engraved, stating the purpose of the gift. On the other side is the figure of a woman, in bold relief, made of a lighter colored gold, standing on two pedestals, representing the twin evils of intemperance and tobacco. The medals were designed and manufactured by George C. Shreve & Co., of San Francisco.

#### H. M. S. "POLYPHEMUS."

THE new monster war vessel, which has been successfully launched at Chatham, England, is of a very novel and peculiar construction. She was designed by Mr. R. Barnaby, C.B., Director of Naval Construction, and built under the superintendence of Mr. R. P. Saunders, Chief Constructor of the Dockyard. In shape—something like the familiar "cigar" steam yacht—she is 240 feet long between the perpendiculars, whilst her greatest breadth is 40 feet, and her depth of hold 18 feet 9 inches. She is clad in steel-plate armor three inches in thickness down to six feet below the water line, and is built in water-tight compartments, so that her entire superstructure may be shot away, and the formidable ram, which is intended to be her chief weapon, may be broken off without endangering the safety of her crew. The ram projects 14 feet beyond the body of the vessel, and is made hollow for the discharge of Whitehead torpedoes, which can also be discharged from two ports on either side of the hull; and she will also carry spar or deck torpedoes. Upon her deck there are also six revolving turrets for carrying Nordenfolt guns; and two conning towers from which the steering gear can be actuated. She will be propelled by twin three-bladed screws, driven by engines of 5,500 horse-power, and her estimated speed is 17 knots an hour. She is the latest addition to the Royal Navy of Great Britain. She is professedly an experiment, and it is, of course, yet too early for any one unskilled in marine architecture to hazard a guess as to her behavior at sea, or her efficiency in a naval engagement.

#### Changes in German Life.

A TOURIST writes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "From the mere tourist's point of view I find extraordinary improvements in Germany, hotels being far in advance of those familiar to me twenty, and even ten, years ago, and much more comfort being attainable with only moderate increase in charges; from an æsthetic point of view the change is no less great and commendable. Twenty years ago Germany was, perhaps, the worst-dressed nation in Europe, the long coats, mufflers, and long hair of the men, the dowdiness of the women, being proverbial. All this is of the past. Very great attention is now paid by both sexes and all ranks to personal appearance, while a general increase of well-being, better food, and better hygienic arrangements are telling upon the good looks as well as physique of the rising generation. An infiltration of French manners as well as of French taste is to be detected everywhere, while not a few wholesome practical notions have been gathered from ourselves. This is as it should be, and if we for our part would learn a lesson or two from our Teutonic neighbors in matters of thrift, contentedness and also ethics, it would do us good. Here people are not materialized by great wealth, and although in our eyes German respect of titles and military rank may seem overweening, the general contempt of money, merely as money, has something fine about it. The

golden calf is not worshiped on German soil. Learning, official, military and professional position are paid supreme court to. Small means and a modest style of living are not held in degradation. People who live sparingly, or, as we should say, stingily, are not ashamed of the fact and not socially inconvenienced by it, as among ourselves. What French people, even in the humbler ranks of life, spend on eating and drinking is enormous. Doubtless such good fare and good wine have much to do with their amiability and high spirits, but the Germans cannot afford to have a single extravagance, and only indulge in intellectual pleasures. The national love of music, literature and the drama is the bright side of life."

#### The Good Work of the Life-saving Service.

THE report of the Superintendent of the Life-saving Service shows that at the close of the fiscal year the service included 163 stations, 148 being on the Atlantic, 34 on the lakes and 6 on the Pacific. The number of casualties on the Atlantic Coast within the scope of the service was 161, on the lakes 94, and on the Pacific Coast 8. On board the vessels wrecked were 1,880 persons, of whom 1,854 were saved and 26 lost. The number brought ashore by life-saving appliances was 408, and succor was afforded to 407 at the various stations. One hundred and seventy-eight vessels were helped to get off when stranded. The estimated cost of the vessels wrecked within the scope of the service, together with their cargoes, was \$4,064,752. Of this amount, \$2,828,680 was saved and \$1,236,072 lost.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The Death is Announced of Dr. Beutland, the doyen of medical science in France, and member of the Academy of Medicine and Academy of Sciences. He was born at Angoulême in 1794.

The Russian Government has made a grant of 14,000 rubles for next year for two Polar observing stations. One at the mouth of the Lena, and the other, of second rank, but also for meteorological and magnetic observations, on one of the islands of New Siberia.

The late Changes in the French Cabinet have brought forth an unusual number of regulations from the Minister for Public Instruction. Two of the more notable are the creation at Limoges of a Government School for industrial arts and a general reorganization of the veterinary schools of Alfort (near Paris), Lyons, and Angoulême.

The Success of the Siemens Electrical Railway in Paris has been so great that the Municipal Commission appointed to report on the possible application of electricity will advise the experiment of an elevated railway in some part of the city. The only objection to the erection of such a line on the boulevards is its aspect, which it is supposed will not be sufficiently ornamental. A large number of practical suggestions will be made by this commission.

The Excavations that have been conducted during some months past by the Greek Archaeological Society at Epidaurus have resulted in the discovery of the theatre of Æsculapius. It is nearly as large as the theatre at Megalopolis, being estimated to seat more than 30,000 people. The material is Pentelic marble, and imagination fancies that it can trace the hand of the sculptor Polykleitos. Many remains of statues, columns, etc., have been brought to light.

The British Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, presided over by Mr. Samuelson, M. P., has begun its work in Paris by visiting the Ecole d'Apprentissage in the Boulevard de la Villette, the Ecole d'Horlogerie in the Faubourg du Temple, and those communal schools in which handicrafts are taught. After inspecting the secondary and higher technical schools of Paris the commission will proceed to Chalons, Lyons, Rouen and some manufacturing towns in the north of France.

Important Restorations have been completed in the Frauenkirche of Nuremberg, one of the most remarkable structures in that ancient town, and the church was recently reconsecrated by the Archbishop of Bamberg. Built in the latter part of the fourteenth century, the building still retains the celebrated clock in which the seven Electors are made each hour to pass in solemn procession around the central figure of the Emperor. Artists from Vienna, Munich and Innsbruck have restored the porticoes and the sculptures of the west front.

Madame Herzog, whose husband died a short time ago in Aargau, in Switzerland, has presented his collection of works on numismatics, probably the most complete of its kind in existence, to the Cantonal Library of Aargau. The collection consists of 300 volumes, in addition to numerous pamphlets and serial publications. It comprises every work of importance on medals, coins and coinage that has been published in Europe and America during the present century, and copies of all treaties and public acts bearing on the subject that have been adopted during the same period.

Professor Donders, long known as the most distinguished oculist in Holland, recently delivered a lecture in Amsterdam on color, which has been widely quoted. After an elaborate experimental analysis of various popular notions on the subject in hand, Professor Donders proceeded to demonstrate that, notwithstanding the prevailing theory, green must be ranked with the primitive colors, like red, blue and yellow. Green, the professor explained, could not be produced by mixing pure yellow and blue—such a composition would be white, in the very nature of things. The green color which is apparently derived from the amalgamation of two paints is, in reality, says Professor Donders, the result of "subtraction."

News has now been received of the American expedition to the Bihé plateau down to July 29th. Mr. Bagster had returned from the coast, and the party were at Kalay's village in Baidunda, where they all then well, though they had suffered from fever. Their camp was some six days' march from Bihé, where they are, doubtless, now settled. With regard to the climate, the temperature was said to be 50 degrees F., and even 40 degrees, in the early morning, rising at noon to between 85 degrees and 90 degrees. The natives, and especially the chief of Baidunda, continue to be friendly. Messrs. Sanders and Miller have already learned sufficient of the Ambunda language to talk a little with the people. Mr. Sanders has one thousand words written down, and is at work on the structure of the language preparatory to reducing it to writing.

A Good Deal of interest has been aroused in England over the discoveries on the site of a Roman villa in Wingham. Earl Cowper, the owner of the property, and the tenant are co-operating heartily with the committee of scientists which has the work in charge. In the foundations, the masonry first touched upon proved to be a bath, the walls being covered with black and white tesserae—tile-shaped stones. The floor, which was destroyed, had been made of the same material. Three steps lead into another room, ten feet square, paved with black and white tesserae, arranged in diamond pattern and inclosed in a border of alternate black and white stripes. In a third room the black and white tesserae are admirably disposed in a labyrinth fret design, being bordered as in the room last described. The passages through which the hot air passed into the various parts of the building have been discovered, and cleared of their contents. The work promises to bear rich results.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GOVERNOR FORSTER of Ohio has subscribed \$1,000 to the Garfield Monument Fund.

SEÑOR PINTO, ex-President of Chili, has been appointed Chilean Minister at Buenos Ayres.

It is confidently stated in Belgrade that Prince Milan will be declared King of Servia in March.

M. L. B. ROSA BONHEUR is living at Nice, where she has a charming villa and is greatly admired and courted.

MISS DAISY HAMPTON, daughter of the Senator, will make her first appearance in Washington society this winter.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN has an annual income of \$8,000. When not traveling she saves about half of it each year.

LORD LORNE, Governor-General of Canada, and the Princess Louise, have been visiting the Queen at Windsor Castle.

THE body of the twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who died in December, 1880, has been stolen from the mortuary chapel of Dun Echt House, Aberdeen.

ROBERT A. BARNES, of St. Louis, has given \$25,000 to the Methodist Central College of Fayette, Mo. It is understood that a Barnes professorship will be established at the college.

KING ALFONSO was twenty-four years old on November 23th, and the Spanish Minister, Señor Barco, gave a brilliant entertainment at the Legation in Washington in celebration of the day.

A STATUE of Theodore Parker is now more than a suggestion in Boston. Funds are being collected for the purpose of erecting one, and the Boston Memorial Association have taken the work in charge.

A FRENCH paper says that Mrs. Morton, the wife of the American Minister, is indisposed, and, by the advice of her doctors, will go, with Mr. Morton, to pass December at Cannes, where they will meet ex-President Hayes.

STATE ENGINEER SHEYMOUR, whose term of office will expire January 1st, has accepted the charge of 400,000 acres of Woodland in Wisconsin from a Boston syndicate, and will move from Albany to Appleton, Wis., in January.

PROFESSOR BRUCE, of Glasgow University, a member of the Free Church of Scotland, is likely to be subjected to treatment similar to that of Professor Robertson Smith, for a recently published book called "The Chief End of Revelation."

EMPLOYÉS of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the personal friends of its late President, have determined to build a church, to be called the "Thomas A. Scott Memorial Church." It will be located in Philadelphia, and its seats will be free.

WILLIAM WILLARD has been selected by a committee appointed by the national organization of the Grand Army of the Republic to paint a three-quarter length portrait of General Charles Devens, which, when finished, will be hung at headquarters.

JOSEPH MILLMORE, of Boston, has been commissioned by Judge Elliot, of New York, to build the monument for Trinity Churchyard, New York, to the memory of the late A. T. Stewart. The cost is to be about \$35,000, and the monument is to be completed next August.

THE Gaulois of Paris announces that Jules Simon will in future be the political editor of the paper. It is reported that M. Simon will be succeeded by M. Harcourt and other influential republicans. He intends to begin a campaign in defense of the threatened clergy and constitution.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, who was rejected as an honorary member of St. George's Society of Toronto, has written a letter to the society expressing his best wishes for its welfare, and inclosing a check for \$100 for the charitable fund. The Professor has finally refused the Mastership of University College, Oxford.

MRS. GARFIELD has appointed President B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram, Ohio, to edit General Garfield's works, with instructions to collect, edit and carry them through the press as speedily as is consistent with completeness and thoroughness. He has accepted the trust, and will immediately set about preparing the material.

KING KALAKAUA's first visit on his return to Honolulu was paid to his sister, who has resigned in his absence. He found her sitting in a straw hat, surrounded by natives. This informally she listened to his tale of a journey round the world, and told him in return what his ministers had been doing in his absence.

MRS. GARFIELD has been elected the first honorary member of the New Shakespeare Society of London, "as a slight tribute of admiration for the loving devotion shown by her during the long and painful illness of the late President." Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, one of the vice-presidents of the Society, was appointed to communicate the resolution.

HON. S. S. COX, who returned from his foreign tour last week, left New York the 12th of last April and has traveled through Europe from England to Russia and from Finland to Constantinople. At Constantinople he had an audience with the Sultan. He spent a week in Jerusalem, visited some of the cities of Asia Minor and made a hasty trip to Egypt.

THE position of Sarah Bernhardt, who is at present starring at Odessa, is anything but enviable. The mob insult her whenever she ventures out, on account of her Jewish origin, and it has been found necessary for ten Cossacks to serve her as a bodyguard. Numerous arrests have been made in connection with this curious affair. At one place, her carriage was stoned in the streets.

GENERAL SHERIDAN has written to Miss Clara Barton, the American representative of the Society of the Red Cross, saying that he agrees with her that an association for the amelioration of the sick and wounded in armies in time of war should have an official status in this country, and expresses the hope that she will be able to lay the subject before the Government in such a way as to insure some favorable action at an early day.

OBITUARY.—November 26th.—Hon. Isaac Brunell, for many years a prominent millwright and lumberman, and formerly a member of the General Assembly and the Senate of New Jersey, aged 91 years 6 months; at his home in Florence, Italy, Thomas R. Gould, the American sculptor, formerly of Boston, aged 63. November 28th.—Dr. John Bacon, for many years Professor of Chemistry at Harvard College. November 29th.—Tracy R. Edson, one of the best-known engravers in the country, father of the "greenback" and founder of the American Bank Note Company, at New York City, aged 72; at Hagerstown, Md., E. A. Clabaugh, President of the People's Bank of Baltimore, and a well-known turfman and breeder of race-horses. November 30th.—Hon. Thos. S. Faxon, ex-Mayor of Utica, one of the earliest promoters of the electric telegraph, and a noted philanthropist, aged 87. December 1st.—At Rome, Italy, Cardinal Berromée, aged 59; at London, Eng., H. N. Solomon, the distinguished Hebrew scholar and authority on the Talmud, aged 84.





CALIFORNIA.—AN EARLY MORNING SCENE IN A SAN FRANCISCO FISH-MARKET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 267.

#### A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

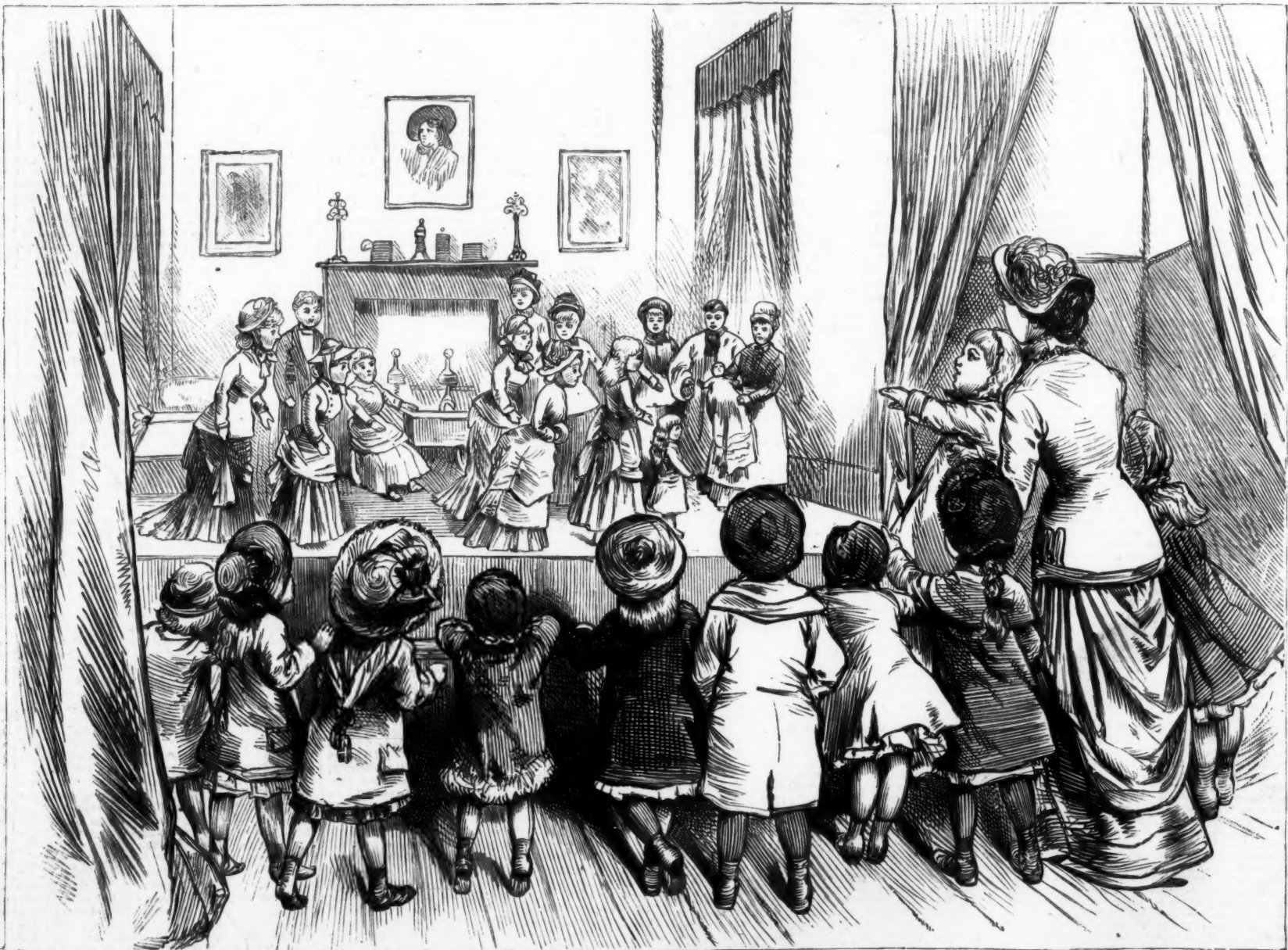
An entertainment at once unique and attractive was given at Republican Hall, in West Thirty-third Street, in this city, last week, in aid of the Seaside Sanitarium at Rockaway Beach. The entertainment was nothing more or less than a Dolls' Reception, in which tableaux representing nearly a

dozen interesting scenes were presented. Among them was one representing Central Park, with dolls, baby-carriages, rabbits, goats, a sheep-house and a big dog as the most prominent features. One little girl swung in a hammock, while two others played croquet. Then there was a coasting scene, strikingly true to nature. One large booth was devoted entirely to the familiar characters of the

Mother Goose Melodies, and Little Red Riding Hood, Old Mother Hubbard, Jack and Jill, and Curly Locks were readily recognized. There were also a children's garden-party, a nursery, a christening scene (which we illustrate), and a very interesting display of dolls' wearing apparel and dolls' furniture.

In one corner of the room stood a miniature ball-

room which disclosed eight different views. In the dormitory were little French beauties, about five inches high, walking arm-in-arm or lying on the floor, as sleepy children always like to do. Another grouping represented twenty or thirty little fairies in the handsomest of dresses, with kid shoes and silk stockings to match, all seated at their desks in the schoolroom. Their slates and books were only



NEW YORK CITY.—A DOLLS' RECEPTION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SEASIDE NURSERY, AT REPUBLICAN HALL.—THE CHRISTENING.





HON. SAMUEL DIBBLE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—PHOTO. BY DILLON.

about an inch long, but were just large enough for the little scholars. One little boy was "doing his sums" on the blackboard, and another had a fool's cap on his head. The teacher was a grown-up lady doll. In the playground were the counterparts of the little men and women of to-day, playing lawn-tennis, jumping rope, climbing trees, playing "tag," croquet, swinging, etc. Another feature of interest was the negro kitchen, and the whole affair was eminently creditable to the taste and skill of the philanthropic young ladies who designed it.

## ALFRED KRUPP, THE GUN-FOUNDER.

THE Germans are justly proud of Herr Alfred Krupp, the owner and creator of the largest and most famous foundry in the world. Although continually turning out immense castings of iron and steel for various purposes, it is for the noted cannon that the great establishment at Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, has the widest reputation. Alfred Krupp was born on April 11th, 1811, at Essen, where his father, Frederick Krupp, had a small steel foundry. In 1826 the elder Krupp died without leaving any considerable fortune to his widow, who, with the assistance of her son, carried on the business until 1848, when she retired in favor of her assistant. Herr Krupp continued to make great progress with his foundry, but without attaining any international reputation until the Great Exhibition of 1851, when he attracted attention by sending to London a single block of steel weighing 1,500 kilogrammes. An English firm, however, produced a still heavier block, and was considered to have defeated its German opponent, when, to the astonishment of the mercantile world, a second block, weighing 2,500 kilogrammes, was sent over from Essen, and Herr Krupp remained the victor. In the 1862 Exhibition Herr Krupp was a most successful exhibitor, showing, among other samples of his skill, a cast-steel block of 100 cwt., which, being broken into halves by a steam-hammer of 1,000 cwt., was found to be perfectly pure and free from flaws. The many other marvels of his skill, especially in portions of machinery for railway locomotives and steamships, space will not permit allusion to. One specialty of Herr Krupp's exhibit in 1861 must not, however, be passed by without mention, and that is—his cast-steel guns. The attention of the French Government was particularly attracted by this artillery, and the experiments that Government made with it afforded convincing proofs of the practical value of the Essen manufactory. These guns at that time were of very small calibre, but Herr Krupp was continually experimenting with them, until he finally succeeded in producing those gigantic pieces of artillery which are now world-famous. Indeed, it is asserted that upwards of 15,000 cast-steel guns have, up to the present time, been made by the Essen establishment, and disposed of in various quarters of the globe. In the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 Herr Krupp exhibited many wonders that startled even Americans, accustomed as they are to all kinds of mechanical wonders.

Altogether the establishment covers a superficial area of 1,000 acres, about 130 of which are covered with buildings. In the year 1877 the Krupp foundry possessed 1,648 various kinds of furnaces, 298 steam-boilers, 77 steam-hammers, 294 steam-engines, ranging from two to one thousand horse-power, or altogether 11,000 horse-power, and 1,063 other kinds of machines. These figures will afford some idea of

the amount of skill and supervision required to maintain everything in order, and one is scarcely surprised to learn that last year 8,500 workmen were employed in the cast-steel factories alone, whilst between 4,000 and 5,000 workpeople were engaged upon other duties connected with the establishment. By means of this army of men Herr Krupp is enabled to turn out a monthly supply of 250

Spring of 1879 an influential Central Committee was formed in London, with forty-nine Provincial Committees in affiliation, for the purpose of organizing an expedition on his plan. Our illustration represents three balloons, the "Enterprise," "Resolute" and "Discovery," arranged according to his scheme, and supposed to be in the Arctic regions. Each will be capable of lifting a ton



SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC SCHOOL PRIZE MEDALS.—SEE PAGE 267.

field-pieces, thirty small and twenty-four large cannons, besides an enormous quantity of articles for peaceful purposes. To keep all these foundries employed Herr Krupp possesses several mines in various parts of Germany, and even at Bilbao, in Spain, whence the metal is brought by a regular line of steamers to the mouth of the Rhine, and thence conveyed by rail to the furnace. Altogether the number of

in weight, the three carrying a sledge-party intact, with stores and provisions for fifty-one days. It is designed, should his present project be carried out, to have the ascent made on the curve of a roughly-ascertained wind circle, a continuation of which curve would carry the explorers to the Pole; but should the curve deflect, then the required current of air can again be struck by rising to the re-



COMMANDER CHEYNE'S PLAN FOR REACHING THE NORTH POLE.

people employed by Herr Krupp in the performance of these various labors is little short of 15,000, who all work together under their employer's skillful direction with the regularity of a machine. The daily consumption of coal by this army of workers is about 2,200 tons. The creature comforts and requirements of his people are carefully provided for by Herr Krupp. He has had 3,277 dwellings erected for his clerks and workmen, in which everything needful has been thought of. Fire and life insurances, invalid and pension societies, hospital, bathing establishments, four people's schools, besides an industrial school for girls, and work-school for women, all proclaim the thoughtfulness of Herr Krupp, their founder and benefactor.

Herr Krupp, a few weeks ago, had in his employ 23,000 men; but new orders have just obliged him to hire an additional force of 8,000, which places him at the head of the population of a small city—more than 30,000 men.

The Rothschilds only, of all Kaiser Wilhelm's subjects, return a larger income than Herr Krupp. Not even the Rothschilds set in motion so many hands.

## A GARFIELD TABLET.

A MARBLE tablet was placed in the ladies' waiting-room of the Baltimore and Potomac depot at Washington, last week, to mark the spot where President Garfield was shot. The tablet is of American statuary marble, and consists of a sill resting upon two corbels, outside of which are two pilasters representing the ax and fasces. Two draped flags form a canopy over the inscription in gold letters:

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD,  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.  
Shot July 2, 1881.

And the whole is surmounted by an eagle, with outstretched wings, holding in his talons a bundle of arrows and laurel-leaves.

## BALLOONING TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

COMMANDER CHEYNE, of the British Navy, who has had considerable experience in the Arctic regions, has been giving a series of lectures in New York City on his scheme for reaching the North Pole by means of balloons. This has been quite a hobby with him for several years. In the



HERR ALFRED KRUPP, THE GREAT GUN-FOUNDER OF ESSEN.

in charge of the Government balloons in his last expedition, he sent up four at the same moment to different altitudes. Being differently weighted, they took directions towards the four quarters of the compass, and it was this movement that gave him his first practical idea of exploring towards the North Pole by means of balloons.

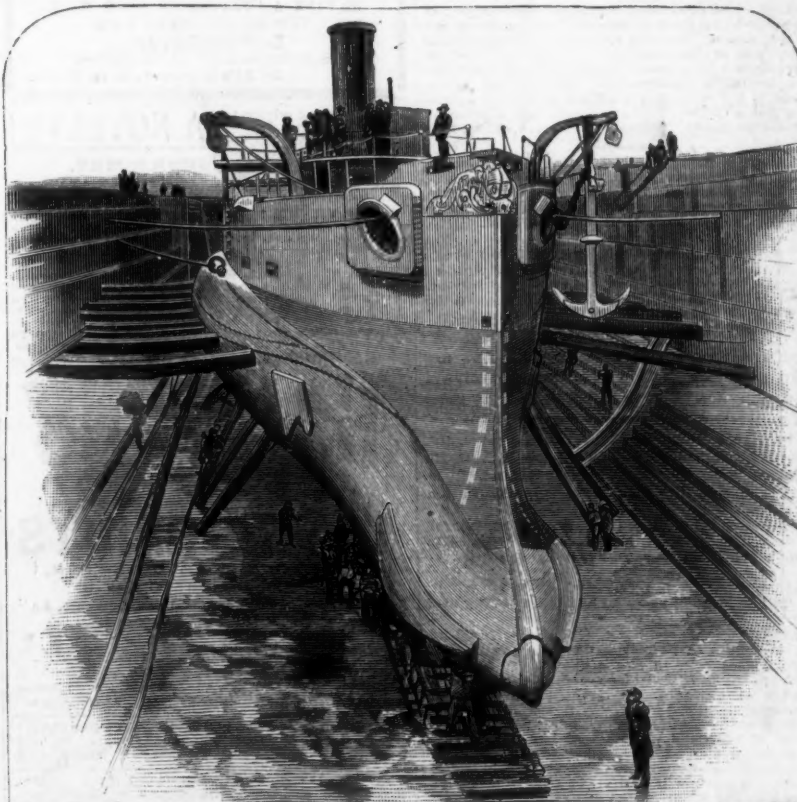
On November 29th Commander Cheyne appeared before the New York Academy of Science and detailed his plan, for the accomplishment of which \$80,000 would be sufficient. Lieutenant Schwatka had promised to accompany him, and it was proposed to make the expedition Anglo-American, one-half the amount to be subscribed in each country, and the object to be the relief of the *Jeannette* and the discovery of the Pole.

## HON. SAMUEL DIBBLE,

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM  
SOUTH CAROLINA.

SAMUEL DIBBLE, member of the House of Representatives from the Second Congressional District of South Carolina, was born at Charleston, in that State, Sept. 16th, 1837. He received his early education in the city of his birth, and in Bethel, Conn., and his academic education at the High School of Charleston. In 1853 he entered the College of Charleston, and remained there until 1855, when he matriculated at Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., and was the first graduate of that institution in July, 1856.

Upon his graduation he engaged in teaching and the study of law, and was admitted to the Bar in December, 1859. In 1860 he commenced the practice of law at Orangeburg, S. C., where he has resided ever since, and has pursued his profession, with the interruption consequent upon the war, during which time he served in the Confederate Army in the First and Twenty-fifth South Carolina Regiments. He has always been a Democrat, and as such was elected to the State Legislature from the County of Orangeburg in 1877. He was subsequently chosen one of the Trustees of the State University, and was chairman of the committee which reported the plans adopted for the reorganization of its two colleges now in operation, one for white and the other for colored students. Having been placed on the electoral ticket in 1880, he resigned this State office to avoid any question concerning eligibility as a Presidential elector. Upon the death of the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, who had been elected to the Forty-seventh Congress from the Second Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Charleston, Clarendon and Orangeburg, Mr. Dibble was nominated without

MEMORIAL TABLET OVER THE SPOT WHERE  
PRESIDENT GARFIELD WAS SHOT.

PROW OF THE NEW IRONCLAD "POLYPHEMUS," OF THE BRITISH NAVY.—PAGE 267.



opposed by the Democratic Convention, and was elected at the special election held June 9th, 1881. While in the State Legislature, Mr. Dible took an active part in the discussion of the financial and educational questions then under consideration, advocating the payment in full of the State debt, and liberal appropriations for the public schools, as well as for higher institutions of learning, and he is now strongly in favor of assistance by the General Government in the education of the masses, by donations of the public lands for that purpose, to the end that suffrage may be intelligent in all parts of the Union.

At a recent concert it was the subject of remark in what fine "voice" the singers were. In commending his good judgment, the leader will pardon us for whispering that he always recommends Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP for clearing and strengthening the voice.

"The fact is," remarked Fenderson, "I am the brains of the firm." "No wonder, then," said Fogg, "that this firm is so familiar with the Insolvency Court."

#### BABY'S APPEAL.

"WHAT makes I cry, and folks say I'm naughty? Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouty; Cause, too, can't sleep, and worms bites so belly; 'Fever,' sa say; feel like I was jelly. Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria. When mamma's gone, and don't have GASTORIA. 'You're right—they fairly yell.' There, Uncle Cy; Cousin Frank have GASTORIA, he don't cry.

A COLORED man who has been running an account with a Macon merchant told him the other day that he would not be able to pay him anything this Fall, but, by way of consolation, assured him that he "didn't intend to quit trading with him."

#### CATARH.

"I THINK," writes a patient who had used a two months' Oxygen Treatment, "that my catarrh is about well, and has been for some weeks." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DR. STARKER & PARKER, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

##### IN TORPIDITY OF LIVER

AND extreme gastric irritability, resulting from malarial poison, has given good results.

#### THE GOLD-MOUNTED CZAR REVOLVER.

Messrs G. W. TURNER & ROSS, the old reliable gun manufacturers, of Boston, offer a veritable holiday bargain in their GOLD-MOUNTED CZAR REVOLVER. Messrs T. & R. are one of the largest gun dealers in America, and their CZAR Revolver is one of the biggest bargains ever offered to the public. They have sold nearly 100,000 of these beautiful weapons, and have received hundreds of letters from customers thanking them for the beautiful Revolver they sent. No one should fail to take advantage of their offer.

#### THE MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE business men of Philadelphia may be congratulated upon the institution and success of the Merchants' National Bank of that city. The leading position it now fills, and the marked ability shown in its management, invite the attention of banks and bankers generally to the facilities it affords out-of-town parties desiring reliable and energetic correspondents in Philadelphia. Established only a little more than a year and a half ago by merchants, the institution is molded to merchants' wants, and adapted to their requirements. Probably no moneyed concern of the city has among its active managers men who are more widely known than those who direct the Merchants' National. The report of the condition of this bank at the close of business, March 11th, of the current year, showed that in less than two and a half months the deposits were increased over one hundred thousand dollars (the exact figures being \$105,848.65), while on the 1st day of November the undivided profits amounted to \$60,000.

The business firms to whom many of the Directors belong have not only a city and State, but national, reputation. In such a category may be placed the names of William Wood, of William Wood & Co.; James S. Moore, of David S. Brown & Co.; Thomas Dolan, of Thomas Dolan & Co.; James Graham, of James Graham & Co.; Samuel G. Scott, of Biegel, Scott & Co.; James Whitaker, of William Whitaker & Sons; Robert H. C. Hill, of Boyd, White & Co.; Samuel B. Brown, of Hood, Bonbright & Co.; John Mundell, of John Mundell & Co.; William Arrott, Esq., James H. Gay, Esq., and John Wanamaker, Esq., whose names alone are a synonym of success in connection with the management of a monster business whose ramifications pervade the whole commercial community. The Cashier of the bank is Mr. Charles H. Elise, while the President, George H. Stuart, Esq., is known everywhere for the patriotic part he performed as the President of the United States Christian Commission.

#### THE FAT BOY IN PICKWICK

PROBABLY had good teeth, seeing that he so speedily demolished the most substantial provender on the shortest notice. Nothing excepting a good appetite so conduces to the pleasures of eating as a good set of grinders. To possess them use ROZODONT, the great dental invigorator and beautifying agent. Yellow, tartar-covered teeth grow pearly white; and the gums acquire ruddiness and form a pleasing contrast to the snowy hue of the teeth, when it is used.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

It is the height of folly to wait until you are in bed with disease you may not get over for months, when you can be cured during the early symptoms by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. We have known the sickest families made the healthiest by a timely use of this pure medicine.—Observer.

FOR THE NEW HORSE DISEASE (Pink Eye) use HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS. The Specific A. A. C. C. and H. H. cures every time. Acts promptly; given without trouble; and is curing hundreds daily. Sold by dealers generally. Single Bottle, full directions, 75 cents each. Case (10 Bottles and Book), \$5. Pamphlets sent free. HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

NOTHING equal to PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE for Sunburn, Prickly Heat, and to remove Tan. Use PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish, sold only in bottle, unrivalled by any for family use.

THE Philadelphia company, which has a franchise from the State of Florida for the reclamation of some 8,000,000 acres of South Florida are pushing their work rapidly. Two large dredges, one of which will excavate a canal 22 feet wide and 6 feet deep at the rate of a mile a week, are now building, and will be at work within a month; one deepening the channel of the Caloosahatchee, and the other cutting a canal from Lake Okechobee to tidewater. Two hundred thousand acres of the best land of the District Purchase will be divided among the subscribers to the stock of the ATLANTIC AND GULF COAST CANAL AND OKECHOBEE LAND COMPANY, each ten shares receiving forty acres of land.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the grand concert of to-morrow (Thursday) night at Steinway Hall, given by Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, assisted by a galaxy of stars, for in this bright particular firmament shine the names of Hawk, Del Puente, Corsini and Campanini. Mrs. Rice-Knox combines all the heaven and earth-born requisites for concert-giving. Endowed with a rare beauty, gifted with a delicious voice, and possessing a European training, it is scarcely to be wondered at that, to use a technical phrase, she "draws" whenever she announces a concert. On the present occasion the musical selection is one that cannot fail to satisfy the most exacting, while the songs chosen by Mrs. Rice-Knox are eminently calculated to display her delightful voice at its very best. That the concert will be a success goes without saying.

DESERVING ARTICLES ARE ALWAYS APPRECIATED. The exceptional cleanliness of PARKER'S HAIR BALM makes it popular. Gray hairs are impossible with its occasional use.

THE WHISTLE advertised in this issue by MESSRS. TURNER & ROSS won't exactly wake the dead, but comes very near it.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

DON'T be deceived; get the genuine HUB PUNCH.

#### NICOLL THE TAILOR,

320 Broadway, And 139 to 151 Bowery, New York. PANTS TO ORDER, \$4 to \$10. SUITS " " 15 " 40. OVERCOATS " 15 " 40.

Samples and Rules for Self-Measurement sent by mail. Branch Stores in all Principal Cities.

#### Banking House of Henry Clews & Co.,

18 New St., N. Y. (next door to Stock Exchange). Securities bought and sold strictly on commission. Four per cent. allowed on depositors' accounts. Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

#### Those Contemplating the Purchase

of a durable and reliable time-keeper are asked to examine those manufactured by BOREL & COUVROISER. They were awarded the Gold Medal at Paris, in 1875, for superiority of workmanship and greatest accuracy of performance, and are pronounced by experts equal to the best. Have all modern improvements. Stem-winders and stem-setters have been greatly reduced in price, so as to come within the reach of all. Ask your jeweler to see them. Remember, ask for BOREL & COUVROISER, Quinche & Krugler, Wholesale agents for the U. S. 17 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

OUR BEST REWARD. WINSTON, FORSYTHE CO., N. C., March 3, 1880. GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters. Very respectfully, REV. H. FRANKS, Bay City, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880. Hop Bitters Co.—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them. Dr. A. PRATT, Treatise of Chronic Diseases. Send for Circulars of Testimonials, to HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., or London, Eng.

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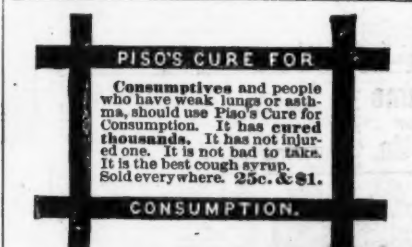
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